

The Academy and Literature.

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The Literary Week.

THE issue of books during the past week, owing to the interruptions of the Easter holidays, has been very meagre. But nothing stays the productiveness of the minor poet. No fewer than six volumes of verse have reached us since last Tuesday, ranging from a drama of the years 1431-2, to a sheaf of verses "occasionally humorous," in one of which the author frankly states that "No meanings in my poems lurk, beyond what any man can see." The Unit Library, "sold at prices based on the length of each book," proceeds apace. Keble's "Christian Year" we observe contains twelve units, Sheridan's "Plays" twenty. Among the books of the week we note the following:—

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY, INDEX AND EPITOME.

A valuable and fitting conclusion to the great work designed by the late Mr. George Smith. The volume forms a summary guide to the general contents of the Dictionary and its Supplement. "Every name, about which substantive biographic information is given in the sixty-three volumes of the Dictionary or in the three Supplementary volumes" is mentioned in due alphabetical order. Each entry consists of about one-fourteenth of the number of words which appear in the text of the original memoir.

THE CABINET OF IRISH LITERATURE. VOLUME IV.

This volume of a new edition includes selections mainly from the work of modern writers. The selections are judicious and varied. Some of the writers are practically unknown to English readers, but many are, of course, perfectly familiar. Mr. W. B. Yeats, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and over eighty other writers are represented. A brief biographical and literary notice is given of each author; for these, Mr. Charles A. Read is responsible, and for the extension and revision of the work, Mrs. Hinkson. The volume includes some portraits and illustrations.

TWO YEARS AT THE FRONT WITH THE MOUNTED INFANTRY. Being the Diary of Lieutenant B. Moeller.

A volume having, in the circumstances of its publication, a pathetic interest. Lieutenant Moeller served with distinction in South Africa, and died fighting. His column of 250 men had been riding all night; at dawn they were met by a party of 500 of the enemy. Lieutenant Moeller, having got his men into safety, saw one of his troopers, who was wounded and had surrendered, being treacherously shot by the Boers. He rode to his assistance, was surrounded, emptied his revolver at the enemy and fell mortally wounded. The diary is brisk and virile. We read in the preface: "Should this simple diary fall into the hands of any outside the circle of his comrades and friends, will they make allowance for the fact that the writer was a soldier and not a penman?" The proceeds of the sale of the volume are to be devoted to the assistance of disabled soldiers.

THE art of correspondence has been well illustrated by the letters appearing in "The Times" under the heading "Parry v. Moring and Another." Mr. Parry's latest letter is delightfully colloquial. We say nothing about the merits of the case, but we smile over Mr. Parry's hits at Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Gollancz. He says: "When, however, the learned doctor abuses me and my work and Mr. Skeat joins in with his words of dispraise—there was a Mr. Skeat, by-the-bye, who helped Gollancz in his work—when these two 'scholars' contend that I am an ass utterly unfit to edit anything, so great is my respect for 'scholars'—on their literary, not on their moral side—that I can only bow my head in silence. Agreed that my book is what the modern school girl calls a 'rotter.' Why appropriate it? Why not do a better? Why crib its text and its arrangement and some of its worst notes? Why not take off your coat and do the work for yourself? I did several months' honest work at my edition. I am a 'careless fellow,' says Dr. Furnivall. So be it; but that does not allow a more careful fellow to appropriate my work." Mr. Parry will have it that his work on the Dorothy Osborne Letters has been "cribbed." "The facts of this case shall be put beyond all controversy," he says. "I will print the evidence as soon as I can find time."

"SAINT GEORGE" is naturally more concerned with Ruskin than with any one else. In the current issue most of the pages are devoted to him whom his many lovers still delight to call "the Master." Master he was, though perverse and illogical enough in detail; in the main he stood for beauty and the best in life and letters. A contributor to "Saint George" supplies some recollections characteristic of Ruskin as Slade Professor at Oxford. We read:—

Concerning the Oxford lectures much has been written, and I will not go over oft-trodden ground—only say this, that, next to the apostle himself, no one, I suppose, in style and manner was ever so Pauline. He would go off at a word, leave the main argument, give you parenthesis within parenthesis, and an argument in each, lay open his very heart to you, show how something since the last lecture had angered or pleased him, thrust at you sentence after sentence of pointed irony, as if you were against him and not with him, and then drop from the high mocking tone to that of gentlest pleading, and so back to the manuscript before him. The secret of his power lay, I think, partly in his comprehensiveness—life, not art, was really his theme—and partly in his fearlessly original way of thinking out his own thoughts and compelling language to express them. He had no faculty for making use of common material, either as accepted opinion or as accepted phrase, and this independence gave a singular charm to everything he said, whether you accepted it or not. At the same time, though he could not appropriate, he was provokingly ready to give importance to the utterances of quite unimportant people. Anything would be caught up—a letter or a paragraph, a pamphlet or a sermon—and his humility, and profession of obligation, were as perplexing as his self-reliance. I had to struggle hard myself, one day, not to be preserved in amber.

These freakish alternations of confidence and diffidence were sometimes as amusing as they were confusing. He would fling out wildly at you; at the music stool you were sitting on, with its blunt, machine-turned edges; at the pictures on your walls; and then come and stand by you, and with folded hands and half-closed eyes ask you, repentantly, to lecture him.

Some of the letters here printed are quite delightful Ruskin:—

Love to Connie; and tell her, in Utopia young ladies won't think of imitating Christ, but of imitating wiser young ladies than themselves, and street sweepers won't think of imitating Christ, but of saving pence enough to keep them from pawning their boots.

The letters given later, dated from Brantwood, are less buoyant:—

I'm not overworking, and never will any more, but the doctors are all quite unable to make me out. My work is to me Air and Water, and they might just as well tell a sick fish to lie on its back, or a sick swallow to catch no flies, as me not to catch what's in the air of passing fancy.

The last letter given indicated to its recipient, in the light of later events, the "warning sign":—

It is a shame never to have thanked you for your lovely letter—but my life is *all* a shame to me now, in its weakness and failure. But I have health enough yet, thank God, to do tranquil work, and my friends will, I hope, still be a little pleased about me in seeing it done. Don't plague yourself about personally helping me at Sheffield or in other things, but use your own proper influence to make people do what is wise and right—each in their place—and explain what you care for of my work and me to them—and, above all, think of the things I try to teach—non-usury for instance, and agricultural life—in themselves, and not in any connection with me. I hope we may have many talks and plays yet.

"The talks and plays," says the writer, "never came."

THERE would seem to be a quite obvious morality about the disposal of autograph copies of books, by living authors, yet it is a morality which is being continually sinned against. In half-a-dozen recent second-hand

booksellers' lists we have come across volumes bearing their authors' presentation signatures. In extreme cases, of course, the thing might be condoned; it is conceivable that the recipient of an autograph copy might be so at odds with luck that he might have to compound with his conscience for a meal. But instances of this sort cannot be so common as the booksellers' catalogues would suggest. One has the same feeling in the disposal of a library; a man dies, and his executors, as often as not, disperse without compunction books which were the very life and soul of the dead. We recall a recent instance in which this certainly was the case. If a man is besieged by presentation copies, and cannot give them shelf room, he should at any rate, before disposing of them, tear out the recording page.

We have received from Messrs. Spink an interesting letter, too long to print in full, concerning the Saitaphernes tiara. The question of the authenticity of the tiara is being carefully inquired into, but in the meantime our correspondent's letter throws some light upon the matter. Messrs. Spink's great point is that experts in the goldsmith's craft have not been heard; on the literary side, too, they assert that there is "a widespread misunderstanding as to what is claimed for the Olbia treasures":—

A favourite argument for their assumed falsity is that the style is not purely Greek. Unfortunately for this argument a purely Greek origin has never been claimed for them. Hence the ingenious fabric based upon a supposed grammatical blunder in one of the inscriptions upon the form and style of certain of the letters, and upon the incontestably unclassical nature of portions of the chasing, falls to pieces like a house of cards. Substitute for your Greek artificer a Scythian instructed in Greek methods of work and only partially imbued with Greek ideas, and how easy it is to understand the misuse of an accusative, the perhaps unusual appearance of a Greek inscription with letters in *relievo* and the barbarous or semi-barbarous character of some of the embossed figures. Instead, therefore, of these facts affording evidence, as has been so confidently urged, of a forger's hand, they may yet be found to range themselves on the other side of the argument, and be accepted as inferential evidence of a Græco-Scythian origin.

Messrs. Spink's own belief in the genuineness of the tiara rests as much upon intrinsic as external evidence. They do not doubt that forgeries of Græco-Scythian art treasures exist, but they assert that these false pieces only deceive superficial examiners. The present conclusion of the whole matter is that the public should suspend its judgment until the full inquiry has been held.

THE Spring Number of "To-day" is to publish a short story by the late Frank Norris, which, we are told, contains a complete "epic of the wheat" in miniature on lines which he intended to develop in the third volume of his wheat trilogy, "The Wolf." It seems to us not unlikely that this story was the first condensed draft of the projected novel. A few novelists—those who do not mind labouring at their art—make it a rule to work out their schemes not only in bare detail, but with considerable fulness—even to suggested dialogue, and so on. One writer of distinction makes a first sketch which often runs to twenty thousand words.

WE learn from the "New York American's Saturday Review" that the best selling books during a recent week were the following:—

- "Lady Rose's Daughter"
- "Lovey Mary,"
- "The Star Dreamer."
- "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son."
- "The Pit" and "The Four Feathers."
- "Under the Rose."

Three of these are English novels, which shows that America is not yet wholly self-supporting in fiction. Not long ago it seemed that America was by way of giving us up.

PROFESSIONAL jealousy, as we are so often told, reaches its flower on the stage; but in France it goes further than with us. A French writer has been talking to Madame Sarah Bernhardt about her still unacted play, "The Duchess Catherine," and the gist of the conversation is printed in the New York "Lamp." The writer says:—

France has no monopoly of the actor-playwright to-day, but France hampers her literary actors with restrictions which are certainly unique, and it is of these restrictions, as illustrated in one particularly notable case, that I intend to write.

Professional jealousy is at the bottom of the whole imbroglio. The spirit of jealousy and of personal interest burns so fiercely in our theatrical world that the actors in one of our companies would never consent to interpret a play written by one of their number. On the other hand the manager, who has difficulty enough in keeping the peace under the most favourable conditions, would never voluntarily court trouble by imposing upon his company a play by one of his actors. He decidedly prefers leaving the experiment to one of his fellow managers.

This, apparently, is why "The Duchess Catherine" has not been produced. Said Madame Bernhardt:—

When I think that if Molière could come back to us to-day, he would not have the right to play his "Misanthrope," or his "Avare" in his own theatre—the rules of the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques would not permit it. He would never die on the stage, now, in pronouncing the "juro" of his "Malade Imaginaire." The Société des Auteurs Dramatiques would see to it that he had no opportunity for anything so irregular. They would stand with their list of rules and forbid him to act in his own play, on his own stage, in his own theatre! Evidently other countries are more liberal than our France. One must admit it, since, in more than one country actors and authors buy theatres for the express purpose of being able to produce their own plays as they want them produced.

But some day, no doubt, we shall see Madame Bernhardt's play.

THE same magazine prints an interview with Mr. Henry Harland. The author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" said:—

I write novels because it's more sport than fox-hunting. I never could shoot a bird, but fox-hunting is great sport. Novel-writing, however, is even finer. Besides you yourself always are "in at the death," and, if you are lucky, get the "brush."

Mr. Harland evidently takes novel-writing as most men take their liqueurs.

THE death of Mr. E. H. Vizetelly was, in its circumstances, more than ordinarily sad. It seems altogether wrong that the man who did such good things as a war correspondent and otherwise should be taken from a Rowton Home to an infirmary to die. Yet such things have happened before, and will continue to happen to the end of the chapter. Mr. Vizetelly's most remarkable achievement was the finding of Stanley. He was always prepared to go anywhere at any moment. When Mr. James Gordon-Bennett telegraphed to him to ask him to undertake the expedition, he replied, "I'll go to Timbuctoo if you like."

THE Chicago "Dial," discussing the matter of post-humous and contemporary fame, comes to the conclusion that in our age genius cannot go unrecognised; the means of communication are so manifold that even though only the few appreciate, that few will so influence the

masses that they, too, will believe. This may be possible in the case of talent which turns itself to scientific discovery and the like, but we very much doubt whether it is true of literature. Generalizations on such a theme are of small value. The "Dial" says:—

The judgments of no age concerning itself are to be taken as wholly conclusive. It may well be that posterity will place different estimates from ours upon the work of many of the men of our age, but the general truth remains that these judgments of ours, taken as a whole, more closely approximate to those which will receive the sanction of posterity than the judgments of past ages concerning themselves have approached the final estimate of mankind.

To that generalisation we cannot give our full adherence; indeed, no serious student of modern literature and literary criticism could support it. Again, the "Dial" makes the old assertion that the man whom his own age has failed to appreciate has been in advance of that age, that only the elect saw his greatness. In the case of literature such an hypothesis cannot reasonably be supported. Was Keats in advance of his age? Not at all. Indeed, no poet—that is to say no essential poet—can be in advance of any age. The real truth of the matter is that contemporary criticism and contemporary appreciation are, in the main, ephemeral. The true test of permanence can only be supplied by the sifted judgments of the best of several generations, and even so the finest may not reach its proper place. To say, as the "Dial" says, "had Shakespeare lived in the nineteenth century instead of in the sixteenth, we may rest assured that he would have found an appreciative audience, and one whose verdict would only have become confirmed by the centuries following," is really to evade the whole question. Personally we are not at all sure that a nineteenth century Shakespeare would have been in love with his critics and his period.

THE "Whim" is one of those little American publications which reach us from time to time apparently without cause. The "Whim" describes itself as a "Periodical without a tendency." To judge from its contents, however, we gather that its tendency is in the direction of foolishness. Amongst similar matter we read: "Of all recent governmental crimes,—and what is history but a list of them?—the Durbar is perhaps the worst." Does the "Whim" find readers, even at five cents, who are interested in that kind of thing?

THE wail of the unpublished continues to assail high heaven. We have just received "Pages from Rejected MSS.," a little pamphlet of four-and-twenty pages, in verse, of course. The writer, Mr. R. Trevalga, says in his preface:—

Some of the following poems have been praised—in one or two cases very warmly praised—by several of the most prominent of English critics and men of letters. On the other hand, they have been ruthlessly rejected by all the editors and publishers to whom they have been submitted. But as those who praised them were personally unknown to the author, he still clings to the hope that the praise did not mean merely disinclination to give pain by revealing the truth in all its hardness. He, therefore, decided years ago to appeal, whenever he could, to a wider audience. Unfortunately, the same reasons which have kept these verses so long in MS., now prevent him from making the volume as representative as he would have wished of his work, and even from publishing anything at all with careful and comparatively final revision.

So much of our time is occupied in reading books which are, as it were, authentically published, that we cannot find space to discuss Mr. Trevalga's verse. If any of our readers are inclined to read Mr. Trevalga for themselves, they may procure, for half-a-crown, a copy of his pamphlet by writing to 3, Rhos Cottages, The Woodlands, Conway.

AMERICA on the whole seems to be satisfied with Mr. J. S. Sargent's portrait of President Roosevelt. The picture is simple and direct, the figure standing out strongly from a light background.

THE interest in Charles Lamb never fails; his lovers are always praising him in little books. There has just reached us a volume by Mr. John Rogers, entitled "With Elia and his Friends," which at any rate has the right Lamb spirit. Mr. Rogers says: "You must look for only scant originality in this little book. You will find in it no epoch-making enunciation of truth—only a string of quiet recognitions of the comfort of home and the companionship of books. It is just a simple record of some hours of enjoyment spent by one whose path in life leads daily into the world, and who depends considerably on the peace which lingers in a library for health to enable him to do his work."

Bibliographical.

THE issue of Mr. Kitton's "Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens" has led more than one person, I daresay, to turn to Mr. R. H. Shepherd's "Plays and Poems of Charles Dickens," published, in an edition limited to 150 copies, in 1885. One finds that Mr. Kitton gives two "poems" omitted by Mr. Shepherd, and that Mr. Shepherd printed two "poems" now omitted by Mr. Kitton. Mr. Shepherd's omissions were Gabriel Grub's song in "The Pickwick Papers" and the lines addressed to Mark Lemon. Mr. Kitton's are "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," first published, with pictorial illustrations by George Cruikshank, in 1839, and five four-line stanzas called "The Blacksmith" which appeared in "All the Year Round" twenty years later. It would be interesting to know whether or no Mr. Kitton accepts these two pieces as by Dickens, and, if he does accept them as such, what his reasons are for excluding them from his collection. Most of the humour of the "Lord Bateman" ballad lies in the prose notes appended to it. "The Blacksmith" opens thus:—

Old England, she has great warriors,
Great princes and poets great;
But the Blacksmith is not to be quite forgot
In the history of the State.
He is rich in the best of metals,
Yet silver he lacks and gold;
And he payeth his due, and his heart is true,
Though he bloweth both hot and cold.
The boldest is he of incendiaries
That ever the wide world saw,
And a forger as rank as e'er robb'd the Bank,
Though he never doth break the law.

I forgot to note last week that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in his little book on John Forster, remarks concerning a private recitation of Bulwer's "Walpole": "All the characters spoke and carried on conversation in hexameters. The effect was ridiculous." It may have been so, especially with Forster as the reciter. But may not Mr. Fitzgerald's memory, as to the hexameters, be at fault? "Walpole," as published in 1869, was described on the title-page as "a comedy in rhyme," and it certainly contained no hexameters. The versification was after this fashion. Walpole says at one point—

Yes, the change from Queen Anne to King George, we
must own,
Renders me and the Whigs the sole props of the
Throne.
For the Tories their Jacobite leanings disgrace,
And a Whig is the only safe man for a place.

Whereupon, Walpole's "confidant," Veasey, adds—

And the Walpoles of Houghton, in all their relations,
Have been Whigs to the backbone for three generations.

Now, this sort of thing, throughout a three-act comedy, is unquestionably no joke. But at least it is not hexameters!

Some weeks ago I had a paragraph in this column on the subject of the works of fiction published by Mr. Henry James in this country. Since then I have received from a correspondent in the West Country a request for "a complete list of that author's publications in England, with their dates and publishers." This is rather a large order, and if I am to fulfil it I must do it by instalments. I will begin by giving to-day what is, I believe, "a complete list" of Mr. James's publications in England apart from fiction:—"French Poets and Novelists" (1878), "Hawthorne" (Macmillan, 1878), "Portraits of Places" (Macmillan, 1883), "Partial Portraits" (Macmillan, 1888), "A Little Tour in France" (Osgood, 1885, and Heinemann, 1900), "Essays in London and Elsewhere" (Osgood, 1893), and "Theatricals" [four comedies in two volumes] (Osgood, 1894, 1895). If I have forgotten anything, I hope my readers will set me right. It may be added that Mr. James has written introductions, critical or "appreciative," to "The Odd Number" [thirteen tales by Guy de Maupassant] (1891), the "Last Studies" of H. Crakanthorpe (1897), Pierre Loti's "Impressions" (1898), "The Vicar of Wakefield" (1900), "Madame Bovary" (1902), and Balzac's "Two Young Brides" (1902).

According to a paragraphist usually trustworthy, Mrs. Hugh Bell intends to give to the press a play called "The Dean of St. Paul's." One wonders whether the title as thus given is a slip of the pen, or, if not, whether the present holder of the Deanery has been consulted in the matter. We have had deans in drama before now, but they have not been called Dean of Westminster or Dean of Canterbury. Mr. Pinero put a dean into his "Dandy Dick," but he called him Dean of St. Marvell's. Mr. Sidney Grundy and Mr. F. C. Philips had a dean in "A Dean's Daughter," but they dubbed him Dean of Southwick—and a good thing too, for he was a very objectionable dean. Deans, I suppose, are, as such, fair game for the dramatists, but not the Deans of St. Paul's.

No sooner are we promised a Library of Standard Autobiographies than there comes the announcement of a Library of Standard Biographies. No doubt this will find many patrons, but the idea embodied in it can scarcely be characterized as novel. It was included, for instance, in the conception of the Minerva Library, in which were comprised wonderfully cheap editions of Lockhart's "Burns," Forster's "Goldsmith," Stanley's "Dr. Arnold," Torrens's "Melbourne," and the like. Now that the Minerva Library is (apparently) discontinued, there will be a welcome for the "Library of Standard Biographies"; only, it is to be hoped that the selection will not run on too familiar or too narrow lines.

The little books which Messrs. Low and Co. advertise as "Choice Classics for Collectors" are, I take it, reprints from the "Bayard" series which Hain Friswell edited for the firm "a many years ago." The selection from Coleridge's poems will always be valuable on account of the introductory essay by Mr. Swinburne; nor, I think, has the translation of selected passages from La Rochefoucauld's "Reflections" been superseded. The same may be said of "The Words of Wellington" and of Buchanan's "Ballad Stories of the Affections." The format of the "Bayard" series was, in neatness and prettiness, much in advance of the times.

Very acceptable will be the new edition of the late Lord Dufferin's entertaining "Letters from High Latitudes." I fancy that the latest edition—the eighth—dates as far back as 1887.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Treasure of the Humble.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., D.C.L.,
SOMETIME BISHOP OF DURHAM. By his son, Arthur
Westcott. 2 vols. (Macmillan. 17s. net.)

THE biography of a great churchman is one of the most difficult of biographies to write, particularly in times when theology and active religious work are no longer involved with political intrigue and the direction of secular affairs. The difficulty in such a work is to present the man with any degree of conviction. Most men are very properly intent upon their own affairs, but let a statesman or a lawyer or a writer be ever so intent on his profession he will yet express in his correspondence and his life more detachment and more of the perpetual interest of the carnal man than the theologian. This, no doubt, is inevitable, is even as it should be, but the task of the biographer is made heavier on account of the very virtues of his subject. Mr. Westcott has avoided the chief dangers of his task; his book, in fact, is excellent alike in tone and matter. Dr. Westcott is allowed to speak for himself, and all the letters from his correspondents which are printed really have some value as contributions to our understanding of a beautiful and most distinguished personality. Mr. Westcott's linking narrative is simple and sincere, and his reverence touches us with a quite personal directness.

The chapters dealing with the Bishop's early life naturally have more general interest than the record of his later influence and success. He was one of the many distinguished men whose nursery, as it were, was King Edward's School, Birmingham. A valuable sketch of him during his school days is given by his brother-in-law, the Rev. T. M. Middlemore-Whithard. Young Westcott was an assiduous worker, and on occasion a reasonably good fighter; he was strongly influenced by art and music, and had an inherited taste for geology and botany. Primarily and in all things he was a sincere labourer; his reading was remarkably wide, and he had an almost morbid dread of appearing to reach after University successes. He attained them, nevertheless, and was amongst the most brilliant of his Cambridge contemporaries. There was always in Westcott a certain strain of mysticism, of exaltation, which at times appeared to separate him from his fellows; mysticism and exaltation have always been a little suspect in the English Church, and there were those who later were misunderstanding enough to doubt Westcott's fidelity to the simple foundations of his faith. He had his seasons of doubt, but they were overpassed before he took any binding step. In his diary for 1846 we read:—

1st January. Communion in the morning. How shall I account for a sudden and strange feeling with which I am filled that I ought to retire to a monastery, or live in entire seclusion? Not that I believe the Romish creed, but their practise allures me.

Such a feeling was not to be avoided in such a temperament as Westcott's, though he was never practically allured by Rome. The religious revival of which Cambridge was the centre had not the same dangers as those which sprang up around the Tractarian movement at Oxford, and its public appeal was never so strong. Later, indeed, Westcott was inclined to be unjust to Rome, and in particular to Newman. At the time of Newman's secession, however, he was deeply moved, and wrote concerning it to the lady whom he subsequently married: "When a man of his learning and practical piety and long experience does such a thing, may not one young, ignorant, and

inexperienced, doubt? These times are dreadful times—one need 'watch and pray.'"

The story of Westcott's courtship is very simple, but not without subconscious humour. His letters to Miss Whittard, who was a nonconformist, show considerable skill in cautious leading, a leading which resulted in the lady's baptism and the addition of the baptismal name of Mary. It would be difficult to say just how certain of these letters escape priggishness, but they do escape it; or perhaps the touch of priggishness is redeemed and overlaid by their transparent sincerity. The influence of Keble over Westcott was great; in a letter to Miss Whittard he said: ". . . I am more fully convinced than ever that Keble has found the truest and noblest end of poetry—to calm and cheer and soothe and train the mind by the simple teaching of nature, and not to rouse and ruffle and excite it by 'dream intense of earthly passion.'" In another letter he wrote:—

Yesterday we had a splendid walk to the monastery (at Grace Dieu). . . . We went into the chapel, but I cannot say that I was so much pleased with it as before, and the reason was that I did not hear the solemn chant of those unearthly voices which seem clearly to speak of watchings and fastings, and habits of endurance and self-control which would be invaluable if society could reap their fruits. . . .

Shortly afterwards he found the doors of an oratory on a neighbouring hill open, and went in to kneel down before a "Pieta":—

The sculpture was painted, and such a group in such a place and at such a time was deeply impressive. . . . Had I been alone I could have knelt there for hours.

It is rather curious to read just after this, concerning a crucifix which stood at a roadside,—“I wish it had been a cross. I wish earnestly we had not suffered superstition to have brought that infamy on the emblem of our religion which persecution never could affix to it.” But Westcott was a man of moods not always reasonable, though he was inflexible in general purpose.

We cannot follow in any detail this record of a full and eager life; we can do no more than gather together certain facts and impressions which may help our readers to some understanding of the man. For seventeen years Westcott was an assistant-master at Harrow, for twenty years he held the Divinity Professorship at Cambridge; he was a Canon of Peterborough, a Canon of Westminster, and finally Bishop of Durham, in which episcopate he succeeded his friend and beloved pupil Lightfoot. Through every change of events he remained a strenuous worker and a man of extreme simplicity of life. In his later years at Harrow, his biographer tells us, he was very full of the idea of a "Cœnobium":—

Every form of luxury was to him abhorrent, and he viewed with alarm the increasing tendency amongst all classes of society to encourage extravagant display and wasteful self-indulgence. His own extreme simplicity of life is well known to all his friends. He could never to the end of his life reconcile himself to dining late. . . . He looked to the family and not the individual for the exhibition of the simple life.

The "Cœnobium," however, remained a dream, though the younger members of Westcott's family looked towards its practical possibility with some apprehension. The move from Harrow, with comparative opulence, to Peterborough, with its precarious income, meant a very real sacrifice. Simplicity of living had to be held to the letter, and meat, save on Sundays, was abolished from the family breakfast table. The future Bishop, in order to get a summer holiday at all, was obliged to take a continental chaplaincy. Wherever he was he wrote continually to his family and friends, and particularly to Lightfoot, Benson, and Hort. Much of the family correspondence is delightful; the following extract from a letter addressed

jointly to his seven sons shows a concise touch on character:—

Shall I give each of you a riddle of advice?

Ba. Look at everything all round, behind and before, and then at last decide what you will do with it.

A. Build solidly and don't stuff up holes with putty.

H. They can conquer who believe they can. First thoughts are best.

G. They win who think they may lose. Second thoughts are best.

F. When you have done a thing, do it again and again.

Be. If you are happy enough to be right, be thankful. If you are wrong, blame yourself.

Ba. Be very merry, and get strong while you can.

When the call to Durham came, Westcott had fears and misgivings, genuine fears and misgivings, in no way allied to the mock-humility which so often degrades satisfied ambition. To Archbishop Benson he wrote:—

I can say nothing, and I am utterly overwhelmed. If you knew my unutterable unfitness and weakness, you would not write as you do. . . . If the trial comes, perhaps light will break. At present all is dark, utterly dark. May God guide you!—

He accepted the call, although it was "in evening time," and for twelve years devoted himself absolutely to his duties. Of personal ambition Westcott had none; there is not a note of it in all this intimate and voluminous correspondence. Such honours as he attained could hardly have been withheld; to some it seemed that they came tardily. Of the four names which we associate with the Cambridge movement—Westcott, Lightfoot, Benson, and Hort—the name of Westcott perhaps arouses the strongest personal affection. He was a great Bishop because he was a simple and loyal servant of God.

Piggy's Education.

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON. By George Horace Lorimer. (Methuen. 6s.)

WHEN a book promises little and gives much the reader's satisfaction is great. This will be his feeling when he lays down the budget of worldly wisdom addressed by John Graham, a Chicago pork-packer, whose friends know him as "Old Gorgon Graham," to his son Pierrepont, whose nickname is "Piggy." Piggy is a nice young fellow, soft, vain, and weak enough to need much advice, yet with sense to appreciate and act upon it. We see him only through his father's inimitably pointed letters, yet we soon know him well. He receives the first at Harvard the day after his arrival, and this is what he reads:—

Your Ma got safe back this morning, and she wants me to be sure to tell you not to over-study, and I was to tell you to be sure not to under-study. What we're really sending you to Harvard for is to get a little of the education that's so good and plenty there. When it's passed around you don't want to be bashful, but reach right out and take a big helping every time, for I want you to get your share. You'll find that education's about the only thing lying around loose in this world, and that it's about the only thing a fellow can have as much of as he's willing to haul away. Everything else is screwed down tight and the screw-driver lost.

In this way the old man pounces on his son whenever a straight and timely talk is likely to do him good. Piggy's errors of thinking and doing, though natural and harmless enough, are just those which, if left unchecked, would develop into qualities unfavourable to his success and all-round manliness. But he has chosen his father well, and reaps the reward. Old Graham never delays to send him the sound word of advice, and this he backs with so much sagacity, humour, and racy reminiscence, touched with restrained affection, that the young man's business

and worldly salvation seems to unfold before us as a pleasing certainty.

Piggy incurs his first lesson in thrift when he sends in one of his Harvard expense-accounts to his father's cashier. Old Graham writes: "When I told you that I wished you to get a liberal education, I didn't mean that I wanted to buy Cambridge. Of course, the bills won't break me, but they will break you unless you are very, very careful." Old Graham, more than most fathers—English fathers, at all events—thinks of his son's college days as the threshold of business, and by business he means his start at the bottom of the ladder in his own firm, that is to say at the mailing desk. Most fathers think of all this a little vaguely, and they do not force the connection of ideas on their sons while they are yet at college. They respect the poetry of youth, and indulge it. Old Graham has no such scruples, and it is just here that we find him least sympathetic, perhaps also least sagacious. The following remarks to his son at Harvard suggest hard common sense, but seem a little premature:—

I can't hand out any ready-made success to you. It would do you no good, and it would do the house harm. There is plenty of room at the top here, but there is no elevator in the building. Starting, as you do, with a good education, you should be able to climb quicker than the fellow who hasn't got it; but there's going to be a time when you won't be able to lick stamps as fast as the other boys at the desk. Yet the man who hasn't licked stamps isn't fit to write letters. . . . I can give you a start, but after that you will have to dynamite your way to the front by yourself.

It is not surprising that young Graham wishes to interpose a post-graduate course, and then a two months tour to Europe, before the stamp-licking and dynamite, or that old Graham condemns both proposals, anticipating the usual "other fellows" argument with: "There's nothing in it. Adam invented all the different ways in which a young man can make a fool of himself, and the college yell at the end of them is just a frill that doesn't change essentials." With essentials, old Graham is fiercely intimate; his grip on them is felt in every line. As for the post-graduate course:—

There's a chance for everything you have learned, from Latin to poetry, in the packing business, though we don't use much poetry here except in our street-car ads., and about the only time our products are given Latin names is when the State Board of Health condemns them. So I think you'll find it safe to go short a little on the frills of education; if you want them bad enough you'll find a way to pick up later, after business hours.

The proposed European tour is reduced to two weeks' holiday varied by a letter which says:—

Of course, you are your own boss now and you ought to be able to judge better than anyone else how much time you have to waste, but it seems to me, on general principles, that a young man of twenty-two, who is physically and mentally sound, and who hasn't got a dollar and has never earned one, can't be getting on somebody's pay-roll too quick.

The youth is soon on the pay-roll and feeling sore under the hand of the cross, crabbed, but entirely loyal and efficient Milligan of the mailing department. One of his first exploits is to send a letter intended for a girl, whom he is inviting to the theatre, to Mr. Jim Donnelly who is expecting a reply to a claim for shortage on his last car-load of pickled hams. Old Graham writes:—

It didn't make me feel any sweeter about the matter to hear that when Milligan went for you, and asked what you supposed Donnelly would think of that sort of business, you told him to "consider the feelings of the girl who got our brutal refusal to allow a claim for a few hundredweight of hams." I haven't any special objection to your writing to girls and telling them that they are the real sugar-cured article, for, after all, if you overdo it, it's your breach of promise suit, but you must write before eight or after six. I have bought the stretch between those hours. Your time is money—my money—and when you take half an hour of it for your own purposes, that is just a petty form of petty larceny.

Step by step the young man rises, nursed and prodded by his irresistible father who, though he maintains in one place, that life is too short for writing letters, unloads all the stores of his world-hardened wit and shrewdness, relieving them by the pithiest anecdotes. The best of it is that the love of money and the faculty of making it are not the pervading themes. On the contrary, it is on efficiency, thoroughness, and prudence, on good feeling and clean living, that the battery of advice is directed. The merging lessons of the book are for all young men in all places. Space forbids us to trace "Piggy" Graham's path from eight dollars a week to seventy-five dollars and leave to marry, but here are a few of the pork-packer's *obiter dicta* :—

On giving employment for friendship's sake :—

I want to say right here that the easiest way in the world to make enemies is to hire friends.

On a young lover's extravagance :—

I want to say right here that there always comes a time to the fellow who blows fifty-two dollars at a lick on roses when he thinks how many staple groceries he could have bought with the money.

On courtship :—

Marriages may be made in Heaven, but most engagements are made in the back parlour with the gas so low that a fellow doesn't really get a square look at what he's taking.

On the "society bug" :—

You're going to meet a great many stray fools in the course of business every day without going out to hunt up the main herd after dark.

On happiness in married life :—

I have made it a rule never to put off being happy till to-morrow. Don't accept notes for happiness, because you'll find that when they're due they're never paid, but just renewed for another thirty days.

On the unfitness of women for business :—

When they've got a weak case they add their sex to it and win, and when they've got a strong case they subtract their sex from it and deal with you harder than a man. . . . Instead of hiring women, I try to hire their husbands, and then I usually have them both working for me.

It is a triumph that such a book should leave the reader a good taste in the mouth and a sense of moral exhilaration. But, after all, the difference between pork-packing and poetry is not so striking as the sameness of the rules which govern success in both callings, and in all callings between them.

Diversions in O.

A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Onomastical—Outing. (Clarendon Press. 5s.)

DR. MURRAY throws a pebble in the troubled Shakespeare-Bacon pool. Dealing with the word Out he notes that out-verbs, such as "out-Herods Herod," were much favoured by Shakespeare, but were almost eschewed by Bacon. Shakespeare has 54 such verbs, of which no fewer than 38 may have been his own coinage. In Bacon only two have been found, and one of these, outshoot, had been an archery term for more than seventy years before his time. Dr. Murray adds: "The contrast between the language of Bacon and that of Shakespeare in this respect is the more striking, seeing that other contemporary authors, e.g., Ben Jonson, used these 'out'-verbs almost as freely as Shakespeare himself." Shakespeare's famous phrase in "Hamlet" (in the speech to the players): "I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod; pray you avoid it," derived its force from the fact that Herod always appeared as a blustering tyrant in the early Miracle-plays. How the phrase has been imitated ever since is shown by Dr. Murray. Fuller had "out-achitophelled Achitophell"; Marvell, "out-bonifaced";

the "Quarterly Review" wrote, "The following trait out-tobies Uncle Toby." Macaulay wrote of Walpole: "He played innumerable parts, and over-acted them all; when he talked misanthropy he out-Timoned Timon; when he talked philanthropy he left Howard at an immeasurable distance." Other writers have given us out-Nero, out-Milton, out-Trollope, and out-Zola. Shakespeare linked "out" with many words besides proper names; he has out-frown, out-villain, out-view, &c., and his example has been followed so literally as to produce words like out-faminize, out-balderdash, out-jingo, and out-saint. In modern journalism the "Pall Mall Gazette" has recalled the days "when each dame's object in life was to out-chignon the chignon of her neighbour"; the "Saturday Review" has talked of "out-criticking the critics," and "Black and White" of "out-fictioning fiction." Indeed it would be difficult now to out-out this usage.

Many words in this part of the Dictionary have little general interest. Scientific words like Onychia, Oosporangium, Opisthotonos and Orbitosphenoid abound; and there are many rare or obsolete words like On sight, Outend, Onwald, Orectic, Orf (cattle, live-stock) and Ortrou (distrust). Otherwhile is described as rare, which it certainly is; but it is a good word. Matthew Arnold had it in "Balder" :—

But the gods went not now, as otherwhile,
Into the tilt-yard.

Otherwhere also suffers unmerited neglect. How beautifully it comes in Keats :—

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeleine:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tip-toe amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

"Elsewhere" is the word of plain prose; we need otherwhere for higher things; yet Hawthorne had "At Charing Cross, and otherwhere about London." In "The Earthly Paradise" Morris wrote :—

It seemed that time had passed on otherwhere
Nor laid a finger on this hidden place,

where otherwhere has the sense of otherwhither, a word actually found, and quoted by Dr. Murray, in a sixteenth century work. A cognate word is otherworldliness. Sir Edward Burne-Jones was described as "the Painter of Otherworldliness."

Ouch is now a very rare word, though very many will remember it in Mr. Henley's fine lines in "Dawn" :—

And now! a little wind and sky,
The smell of ships (that earnest of romance),
A sense of space and water, and thereby
A lamplit bridge ouching the troubled sky.

Here the participle means, of course, spangling or adorning. Dr. Murray gives no use of the word between Mr. Henley's and that of Guillim, who says of some person: "He beareth Luna, a mantle of estate, Mars . . . ouched or garnished with strings fastened thereunto." The substantive, ouch or nouch, which Dr. Murray says has scarcely been in living use since 1600, means a brooch or clasp. In the Authorised Version (Exodus xxviii. 11) we have among the directions for the making of Aaron's ephod: "With the work of an engraver in stone, like the engravings of a signet, shalt thou engrave the two stones with the names of the children of Israel; thou shalt make them to be set in ouches of gold."

Under "Operetta" we have two rather contradictory quotations. Mr. Dutton Cook is quoted as stating that the word operetta was a coinage first introduced at the Lyceum or English Opera House. In view of the fact that

the Lyceum Theatre will be sold this month as building material this is interesting; but Dr. Murray also quotes a writer in the "Monthly Review" of 1770: "They sometimes give operattas (sic) that are charming." In 1770 the Lyceum was an exhibition room for the Incorporated Society of Artists, and it was not until 1790 that it was devoted to music, nor until 1809 that it was styled the English Opera House.

Opificer is a rather pleasing blend of artificer and officer, but it has been obsolete, apparently, since Sterne used it into "Tristram Shandy": "Can it escape your penetration—I defy it—that so many play-wrights, and opificers of chit-chat have ever since been working upon Trim's and my uncle Toby's pattern." "Opificers of chit-chat" is a phrase we could do with to-day.

Under Opopanax we have the use of this word in modern perfumery illustrated by a quotation no earlier than 1895. We believe that it came into this use forty or fifty years ago when, one fine morning, London found itself plastered with the then mysterious word

OPOPANAX.

Time revealed its meaning, and the scent became popular, but according to an authority quoted by Dr. Murray, this perfume owed nothing to the real Opopanax plant, which has had a long botanical history.

Two rare words are Opsigamy, meaning marriage late in life; and Opsimathy, learning or study late in life. Oragious, meaning stormy, was used by Thackeray, and is rare. Orbity, the condition of being bereaved of children, or childlessness, was used by Johnson in the "Rambler" and is obsolete. Orgillous (proud, haughty) is not so old but that the "Saturday Review" could apply it to Lord Rosebery in 1890. Oscitancy, yawning, is very rare, but it appeared in the New York "Nation" three years ago. Cowper's lines in "The Time-piece" may be recalled:—

Now blame we most the nurslings or the nurse?
The children croak'd, and twisted, and deform'd,
Through want of care; or her, whose winking eye,
And slum'ring oscitancy mars the brood!

We had noted many other words for remark, but lest our readers should oscitate we refrain.

Gleanings from Archipelagoes.

IN THE ANDAMANS AND NICOBARS. By C. Boden Kloss. With Maps and Illustrations. (Murray. 21s. net.)

SCIENCE owes a considerable debt to Mr. Kloss for the patient investigations of which this work is the satisfactory fruit. His travels were made in 1900 and 1901 as the guest of Dr. W. L. Abbott, the captain and owner of the schooner "Terrapin," in which they sailed. Between them they added sixteen to the known mammalian fauna of the archipelagoes, and thanks to their energy and tact secured a number of admirable photographs. In spite of the morbid interest of the convict settlement in the sister archipelago, which Mr. Kloss describes rather rosily, the most "absorbing" part of his work is that which deals with the Nicobars. Upon these islands we doubt not that he will be regarded as an authority of the first importance. And although he does not describe for us, as does Lancaster, anything so much "beside" Nature as "a grand tree" which—if one try to pluck from it—shrinks "down into the ground and sinketh unless you hold very hard," he shows abundantly that 1602 was not the only year for travellers in the Nicobars.

The Kar Nicobarese believe themselves to be of quai-canine descent. "For this reason they treat their dogs very kindly, and never beat them: they quiet them by simply saying 'Hush! Hush!'" Such a statement naturally causes one to turn with a lively curiosity to the photographs of Nicobarese, with the result of a distinct

prepossession in their favour. The prognathism of the right hand boy facing page 226 is no doubt evident, and indeed a more curious development of features might be looked for in a nation that play such pranks with the occiput of babies as do the Nicobarese; but the face of this lad is sprightly enough for a cupid, and his tumbled hair an artist's joy. That boy seems to imply that the Nicobarese have "taken up" the dog out of sheer love of paradox, and that a certain custom which supports so indecorous a theory of origin is a slander on their true selves.

Certainly the custom is an ugly one. They disinter their dead, clean the skull and throw away the rest of the corpse. The idea seems to be that the graveyard shall be made habitable for spirits, but they are morbidly sensible of the eeriness of death, and it is possible that in their abominable familiarity with his leavings, they display the same mock courage which prompts a frightened child to make a great noise in a dark room. A Kar Nicobarese is not permitted to die at home; his end must take place in a "house of pollution," and when he is dead the *tamiluanas*, or devil-chasers, though they do not believe in immortality, pretend to capture his spirit and imprison it in a bunch of leaves. Yet still the instinct to meddle with death is so strong that we read of an angry Nicobarese saying, "You now call me a liar, and so I am angry, and am going to dig up a grave."

There, of course, we have an appeal to the *amour propre* of a ghost who would be supposed to visit his displeasure on the provoker of such an action. There too, and this is the less obvious point, we have the theatricality of feeble anger which often seeks to punish the mind because it is afraid to touch the body of its opponent. Nicobarese superstition offers to the holders of it one very practical disadvantage, however, to weigh against its benefit to them in quarrels; they dare not make any crockery! Chaurā may, and does—no doubt with "chortlings" at the monopoly—but if any but a native of Chaurā should do so he is believed "doomed to almost immediate destruction."

The Nicobarese are, indeed, frankly cowards, but they are also artists and, in their outlook, poets. They carve really admirable figures as scare-devils; in Nankauri, by the way, we observe that these statues "were all supplied with a piece of rancid pork, hung from the neck or placed in the mouth." It would seem that devils differ in their susceptibility to fear. A top hat associated with wings suffices for one; a human head on an alligator's body unnerves another. The poetry comes out in their tender solicitude for the moon, which they figure in an eclipse as in peril of being swallowed by a serpent. "Alas! alas!" they cry, "do not devour it," and the serpent is invariably amenable to their prayer. If the Kar Nicobarese did lose the moon, one trembles to think what ceremony they would deem adequate to express their feelings, for when one of their number lost his teeth he celebrated the fact by a great feast, and was adorned with silver wire from head to foot. And as we are not likely to find a Nicobarese more decorously clad, we are fain to leave him so.

The Corner-Stone of Evolution.

VARIATION IN ANIMALS AND PLANTS. By H. M. Vernon. The International Scientific Series. Volume 88. (Kegan Paul. 5s.)

IN this admirable little book Dr. Vernon deals with the facts of variation, its causes, and its importance as the corner-stone of the whole fabric of evolution. He shows how variation in individuals, be they crabs or men, follows the Laws of Probability; the Law of Frequency of Error, in the very breadth of crab-shells, is observed with rigid accuracy. Mathematics apart, however, in this era of Sociology we must acknowledge the significance of the

doctrine, reasserted by Dr. Vernon, that "suddenly occurring variations, unless artificially selected, must inevitably be swamped by intercrossing, and disappear." This is unfortunately the way with geniuses. As to the sexes, comparison between skeletons of the Ainos (a primitive Japanese tribe) and the modern French shows that though civilised man differs more from the primitive type than civilised woman so far as absolute size is concerned, he has made only about half her progress in variation, and has hardly anything to show for the progress made by civilised woman in the nice correlation of her characters. And, since correlation implies that when one organ is modified, as by Natural Selection, the others are modified also, there is great hope for the future in civilised woman.—A deduction from this law of correlation, supported by the facts, is that the blonde is tending slowly to disappear.

As to the causes of variation, Dr. Vernon, arguing from Weismannism, has conceived and carried out a large amount of original work, which emphasizes the effect of nutrition upon the future of races of animals and plants. Human twins support Weismann very strongly, or rather those few human twins which closely resemble one another, which are of the same sex, and which have an intimate original affinity almost without a parallel. In a pair of such twins, examined by the author, measurements were so similar that the Bertillon system of identification would have been useless; but the finger-prints, though bearing some resemblance, were easily distinguishable. This method of Mr. Galton's may be regarded as practically infallible. Relatively trivial, of course, is this of Mr. Galton's, beside the remarkable contributions, detailed most admirably in this book, made by him to problems of variation and heredity. To him we owe not only the Law of Heredity, which allots to each parent a quarter of the characters observed in the child, to each grand-parent a sixteenth, and so on, but also the principle of "Regression towards Mediocrity," which shows the tendency of mankind to get back to the average: down to it in the offspring of the genius, up to it in the children of the criminal. Prof. Ewart, of Edinburgh, has shown in his celebrated experiments that by in-breeding it is possible to wipe out regression towards mediocrity; that it is possible, within a few generations, to produce a superior race which will continue to "breed true." So much the better.

No less interesting is the discussion of variation produced by environment, as temperature and light. Instances are the white coat developed on the approach of winter by many animals in arctic climates; the retarding effect of light upon the growth of plants, though favouring their healthy development: so that the sunflower turns to the sun because its stem grows more rapidly on the side away from the sun, and pushes the flower over towards the sun. Equally important is the effect of food, influencing the farmer's crops and manure, the soldier and the explorer and their diet.

Variation in its relation to evolution is a fundamental fact of inestimable importance. Within the last few years experiment on some little crabs that are found at Plymouth has proved the effect of Natural Selection—which Lord Salisbury said no one had seen at work—on variations. As for man Dr. Vernon says: "There is no evidence that the average vigour and vitality are increasing. Everything goes to prove that they are on the wane." Fortunately, though Dr. Vernon does not say so, man must sooner or later face and control the facts.

De Quincey's opium-eating, the length of the Hebrew nose, the curve of the stems of a plant—all are made to contribute their share to the elucidation of the great theory of evolution, which starts with a nebula or a sun, and ends with the cause of the greying of an old man's hair.

"Of a Family."

CECILIA GONZAGA. By R. C. Trevelyan. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

THOUGH it has qualities of cultivation and ability, Mr. R. C. Trevelyan's tragedy is at bottom but one of the many poetic dramas, with a family resemblance, woven about the inviting themes of mediæval Italian history—or we should rather say, Italian history of the early Renaissance. The secret lovers; the proud and powerful father; the neighbouring Duke who plays the part of the unworthy lover, destined by the father to his daughter's hand; the crafty villain and hanger-on of the evil suitor, who betrays the lovers by his intrigues to discovery and death—all these are customary ingredients of a customary dish. The characters are of the generalised and conventional type we look for in this conventional drama. The blank-verse is often little but prose. Print it continuously, and you shall sometimes find it running like this:—

Trust me, my lord, these grosser forgeries of spite with me have never found belief: but since such tales have reached Cecilia's ears, for her sake only I sought this absolute denial from you. But, my dear lord, let me be frank with you: besides these graver scandals, there is much, reported on authority more credible, which many even among your well-wishers, in part believing, scarce know what to think.

That, substantially, is flat prose; and the few inversions which are used to square it with metrical rule, or give it an air of "poetry," are merely felt as feebly intrusive. Conventional phrases are frequent in these lines, such as "a cloister's living tomb," or "the imperious impulse of your heart,"—which are only fit for Mudie's. Granted, that even in poetic drama the dialogue must frequently take on a cast of prose; that the special advantage of blank-verse in drama is the ease with which it rises to the lyric or sinks to the prosaic level: yet a master does not suffer even his more prose-like dialogue to become merely nerveless and conventional; he keeps a certain tinge of poetic vigour in the diction, as may be seen in Shakespeare. Or rather, perhaps, the prose is kept a strong prose, with a sap in it, which shall not contrast too limply with the poetic passages.

But not all is like this. Mr. Trevelyan can put colour and sinew into his lines. Thus, speaking of the hero, the villain says to the Duke:—

Admire thine enemy,
And thou shalt be promoted to a skirt;
For all who trail them are quite lost for him.

There is thew and freshness in that, such as suggests that Mr. Trevelyan has the root of the matter in him. He can at times reach a measure of poetic quality. Thus:—

So mingled are the seeds of human things,
Evil and good blent unobservably,
That, should we stay to sift and sort our grain,
The time of sowing would be come and gone,
Ere we had filled our sacks, or cast in hope
Our handful o'er the earth.

That is good; though the word "unobservably" is careless and ill-sorted, since Mr. Trevelyan means "indistinguishably." Again, when the lover urges the hopelessness of the heroine's escaping her father's instant purpose to marry her to the dissolute Duke:—

Aye, to hope now would be more vain, more idle,
Than taking thought how to outstrip by flight
This lengthening twilight creeping o'er the plains
From yonder sinking sun.

Pretty, rather than beautiful passages meet us now and again. But, despite the examples we have quoted, Mr. Trevelyan shows on the whole scant power of imagery; and his drama as a whole is not notable for poetic quality. It has not power, it has not passion: but it is adequately

constructed, it exhibits literary cultivation, and a sufficient measure of intermittent distinction in the writing to forbid a wholly harsh or adverse judgment. It is quite possible he may do better things. But this is of a family, and no remarkable family.

Canning.

GEORGE CANNING AND HIS TIMES: A POLITICAL STUDY. By J. A. R. Marriott. (Murray. 5s. net.)

GEORGE CANNING is surely one of the most attractive of all possible subjects for the biographer. It should be impossible to write a dull book about him. But his private secretary, with ample materials at his command, achieved the feat, and Mr. Marriott has repeated it. There must have been something remarkable about one whose political views were recognised as a matter of public importance when he came down from the University. Colonel Fitzpatrick's well-known epigram was indirectly the highest of compliments. There are hundreds of cases of schoolboys turning their political jackets. But "no case until now was so flagrantly known" because no one cared to know it. Yet the brilliance and the charm of which Stapleton and Mr. Marriott tell us are but faintly reflected in their pages. It is easy to account for the distrust with which so many of Canning's contemporaries regarded him. Intellectual brilliance will always excite distrust in many minds, which refuse to believe that any man can be honest without being also stupid. And when the brilliance of a Cabinet Minister takes the form of writing elegant Sapphics about needy knife-grinders, and informing correct and respectable diplomatists in cypher despatches that—

in commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much,

distrust is not merely pardonable; it becomes a solemn duty. Mr. Wyndham, we know, succumbs to the frivolity of the Christmas season, but it is not to be supposed that his official compositions are written in a similar vein. To parallel Canning's performance, one would have to imagine Lord Curzon declaiming to a concourse of Rajahs such verses as were composed at Balliol about himself; and to complete the parallel, there should perhaps be added a duel with Mr. Brodrick consequent upon an unsuccessful attempt to eliminate that gentleman from the Cabinet.

In justice to Mr. Marriott it should be said that his book does not profess to be a personal sketch of Canning. It is a "political study," and the study is really confined to five years—1822 to 1827. But the reader has some right to quarrel with the title, and to demand that in an account of "George Canning and His Times," rather more than seven pages should be devoted to the thirteen momentous years from 1809 to 1822, though it be true that Canning spent most of them in ploughing a lonely furrow of preposterous length. Still it was the five years on which Mr. Marriott has concentrated his attention which won for Canning the substantial and permanent reputation of a statesman. The most striking and perhaps the most characteristic incident in his life was the seizure of the Danish Fleet in 1807. Opinions will always differ as to the verdict to be passed upon that act; for our own part, we agree with Mr. Marriott in regarding it as a brilliant stroke of daring, abundantly justified by necessity and by its results. But it was not until the close of his life that Canning's tenure of the Foreign Office was sufficiently prolonged to test to the full his qualities as a statesman. It was then that he "called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old," and initiated and directed the policy which led to the "untoward event" of Navarino; and it is by his attitude towards affairs in South America and in Greece that he must ultimately be judged. Mr. Marriott speaks of President Monroe's famous message as "help" coming

to England "from an unexpected quarter." This appears to us to be an unfortunate phrase, suggesting that the attitude taken up by the United States was a happy accident, and not consequent upon or at least in striking accord with Canning's own deliberate policy and suggestion. The arguments for and against the recognition of the independence of the Spanish Colonies are stated in somewhat meagre fashion, and scarcely sufficient emphasis is laid upon the caution and correctitude of British policy. But the South American and Eastern Questions during these years are both too intricate to be treated very instructively in a small volume. Their strangest consequence was to establish for ever both at home and abroad the fame of a Conservative Foreign Secretary as the champion of liberal principles in both hemispheres against the attacks of autocracy and reaction.

Other New Books.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PETER TAYLOR. (Paisley: Gardner. 3s. 6d.)

This little book has a quite human interest. It records no great events, it touches the world's life only in a minor way, but it has character and verve. We should judge the writer, in spite of certain gloomy generalizations, to be a man in love with life. He was never so ardently its observer as to be able to play with its possibilities, but he was always keen enough to appreciate its dramatic changes as they personally affected him. The writer was born in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, and we get some startling particulars of the price commanded by labour during the first ten years of the reign. His father was employed in a Paisley brewery:—

... he started at 12s. per week, and was afterwards promoted to be gaffer at the ransom of 15s. The hours generally were from four in the morning till six at night, five days a week, the sixth being from six a.m. till six p.m.; he had to go back twice on Sunday to turn the malt.

Even such work as this was not obtained without some local influence; but it must be remembered that the times were hard, following on the railway collapse.

The author set his hand to many things, from the duties of a shop errand boy to engineering; finally, having hit upon a method of making a particular small spring which was necessary to the mill in Galashiels in which he was employed, he saw comparative fortune ahead of him. He writes proudly:—

I formed a co-partnership with my brothers; our united capital was £120. My brothers took charge of the commercial side, and I had only to produce. Like Kate Dalrymple, we were ardent and thrifty. In 1898, the value of our works, stock, and plant stood at £30,000.

The value of this frank and pleasant volume, however, does not consist in its commercial records—it consists in its spirit and in its general outlook. It might have been made a lecture upon thrift and perseverance, which would have ruined it; as it stands it is the simple narrative of a simple life. In some of the domestic episodes there is real pathos, and a few of the characters are touched in with real humour. The book is dedicated "with every feeling of respect to my brethren of the working-classes and specially to those who have never yet enjoyed the luxury of paying the income-tax."

BARTY'S STAR. By Norman Gale. (Walter Scott. 2s. 6d.)

A SKETCH of a child which, in effect, has for text Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" ode. We like the spirit of the book, which is fresh and buoyant; the manner of it is less to our taste. Mr. Norman Gale avoids

simplicity of statement with something like aversion; he elaborates his sentiment till it cloy. This is the greater pity because "Barty's Star" has sympathy and observation. We should like to believe it all, but when the author has dressed up and decorated his material we find ourselves unable to believe. To write convincingly about children is almost as difficult as to write convincingly for children. True records, careful notes, of a child's development, are sure to be of value, almost sure to possess beauty. Elaborate these records and notes, and at once we seem to touch unreality. Let us illustrate. Barty is watching the opening of an iris:—

I went up close behind him, sat down upon a camp-stool, and opened the morning paper as rustlingly as I could, on purpose to make a fresh test of his abstraction. He did not heed. Dame Nature surely never had a prettier compliment paid to her genius. I had just looked up from the current crisis, when Barty said to himself very quietly, offending me and Lindley Murray's ghost in the same breath—

"Its muvver's unbuttoning its jacket like my muvver does."

A few minutes later he shouted in triumph—

"It's open! I heard it speak."

"Have you ever heard irises speak before?"

"Ever so many," he said, in a tone belonging to the heartiest conviction.

"Where? Can you tell daddy where?"

"I—I nearly can, daddy," said my little son.

Pretty, if you will, but we doubt the incident, the more particularly from an author who can write "she paid me an extravagant price in cupid's coin of the realm, fresh from a rosy mint." Mr. Gale has a fatal habit of sentimentality. He escapes from it once, and then only partially. Barty introduced into a pie two pieces from his Noah's Ark, and these pieces get on to a Bishop's plate. "Daddy" has Barty from the nursery and spansks him in the presence of the Bishop. The sentiment vanishes for a moment, and bad taste comes in: but soon the sentiment flows forth again in fuller flood than ever. Still, "Barty's Star" is a pretty and an engaging little book.

MILLIONAIRES AND KINGS OF ENTERPRISE. By Burnley. (Roy. 21s.)

THE new century has produced a host of problems centred in commercial expansion and industrial supremacy. Germany and America threaten so to alter the relative positions of nations, as to render insecure England's place in international trade, and to shake to the foundations the privileges and disadvantages of primogeniture. No passing illusion this, but a cry of warning and a tardy reminder that the national self-complacency will surely result in a mortgage of the cherished aristocracy to Pickle Kings and Oil Trusts. These are the problems which the author illustrates in these lives of millionaires. In America, where the greatest commercial successes have been achieved, the conditions have been perhaps exceptionally favourable, but the conditions have also produced exceptional men—men who from poor beginnings have transformed all previous ideas of commerce, and displayed an energy and created fortunes never before equalled.

Luck or chance has played little part in the building of an Armour, or a Leiter, or a Rockefeller, or a Carnegie. Individually handicapped at the start, they have moulded the commercial world, and only death could stop their ceaseless activity. "Selling lucifer matches is a very fine business, if only you have plenty of it," once said Baron Rothschild, and therein lies the whole situation—and moral. These men took up a variety of work, but their thoroughness was common; they accumulated a little capital, they kept their education apace with their requirements; they learnt how to employ men. The author has arranged his lives to advantage, and has provided some excellent illustrations.

In "The Gourmet's Guide to Europe" (Richards), by Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis and Algernon Bastard, may be found a list of the places where a man may eat with comparative immunity. Paris naturally occupies the first place; to that city of historic restaurants over thirty pages are devoted. The book, we are told, was written with the amiable desire to help a man who wishes to dine at the typical restaurant of any place in which he may find himself rather than in the hotel in which he happens to be stopping. Such information, naturally, cannot readily be obtained from the hotel proprietor or his servants. The authors go into careful details as to the kind of food and cooking to be found in the restaurants which they name.

NEW EDITIONS: The latest addition to the "Windsor" Shakespeare (Jack) is the "Comedy of Errors," edited, with notes, by Henry N. Hudson. The volume has for frontispiece a reproduction of a topographical drawing from Van den Wyngerde's "View of London," 1542.—Mr. Grant Richards has added to the "World's Classics" series David Hume's "Essays: Moral, Political, and Literary."

Fiction.

AS A TREE FALLS. By L. Parry Truscott. (Unwin. 1s. 6d.)

THERE was a general feeling that the Pseudonym Library suspended publication either too soon or too late, if there be any vice in anti-climax. We congratulate Mr. Unwin therefore the more cordially in resuming the issue of the library with a story which is at once forcible and pathetic. The tree of the title is one of the obscure Judes who muddle their lives by a brief concession to the senses. He is a baker's assistant who aspires to a career. He would be learned, and the local representative of learning sympathises with him. Then he marries, not an Arabella, but a hardworking though untidy girl, and his aspirations dwindle to that of becoming a baker on his own account.

He is presented to us as an intelligent hoarder who, by directing all his faculties to one end, irreparably wrongs his better self. His one child excites at its birth no nobler emotion in him than regret for an intrusive "thing," which will increase his expenses. He insults Nature by explaining his early marriage by the statement "I'm a beast." He rough-rides his wife's superstition about a name for the child, and when, as it were across its grave, he divulges the fact that he can afford to start a business he receives a terrible volley of accusation and reproach.

To pursue the story in outline would be unintelligent. The tree falls materially in an accidental way, but spiritually it falls in the neglect and derision of the basic principles of justice between man and wife.

The character drawing of the story is excellent. Neither of the ill-mated pair is presented as an embodiment of one failing or infatuation. We have moments for liking and disliking each. "As a Tree Falls" might indeed be a true document pieced together out of provincial life. It is real enough to bear a moral and still be read.

FROM THE UNVARYING STAR. By Elsworth Lawson. (Macmillan. 6s.)

IF art has been a handmaiden to Mr. Lawson, he has certainly tyrannised over her. He is one of those lovers of coincidence who make the world of fiction twice as round as the world of fact. Also he commits the deplorable blunder of making a nice woman, who has no

connection with suburban melodrama, repeat a page of imprecation uttered by a poor man when he deemed himself "trapped" and "cheated" by his Creator. Yet is Mr. Lawson's novel one that will be read with interest and pleasure. It is the romance of a dissenting minister of liberal views at a time when it passed as argument to say, "If there's no hell, what's the good of being good?" He is placed in the position of having to choose between publishing his sister's dishonour, or submitting to a shameful slander against himself. He submits, but the story is not deprived of ultimate sunshine. The author has drawn a delightful heroine, and her meeting with the young gospeller on Royal Oak Day is conceived with a fresh and vivid sentiment for love and youth.

There is that in the novel which suggests an evolution in religious romance. Here is a rejoicing sympathy with the free and beautiful things of nature. The parson takes long country walks; he teaches a little stable boy to observe that trees can look blue from a certain viewpoint. He is "gurt," although he has delicate hands; he has it out with a hypocritical deacon in a plain practical fashion, and though he holds on to the eternal things, he carries a sprig of oak presented to him by a young lady on page 26 until page 288, when he gives it back to her. The reader will wear it in his memory as a tribute to Mr. Lawson's wholesome fancy.

HIS GRACE'S GRACE. By C. Ranger-Gull. (Greening. 6s.)

MR. RANGER-GULL describes his book as a comedy, on the ground, we suppose, that it is intended to be amusing. We can only say that it has not amused us, or rather, that the trifling amusement which we might have derived from certain parts of the story was killed by the boredom born of the rest of it. Mr. Ranger-Gull strives after smartness with a wearisome assiduity; his Oxford young men talk just as the author writes; and the manner both of the narrator and his characters may be judged from the following extracts: only by quotation is it possible to convey any idea of the manner of "His Grace's Grace":—

A little college is a dangerous thing.

People who smoke cigarettes are sometimes different. All men who smoke cigars are alike.

"I hate dumb-bells."

"To the 'Crosier' then, for a drink."

"I loathe bar-bells."

Lord Halifax, he realized, was becoming rather played out, and a Duke would quite counterbalance the influence of Lady Wimborne with her donkey and Lord Roberts with the notoriety thrust upon him by Mr. Kipling.

Hitherto he had never separated a clergyman from his church, he had watched priests from a place apart, and distance had lent enchantment to the pew.

These are quite fair examples of Mr. Ranger-Gull's buoyant brilliances; we might have quoted even more strident and vulgar instances, but these will serve to illustrate the author's manner. Occasionally Mr. Ranger-Gull becomes sentimental, and then we are given conversation like this: "Darling, here before God I give you all my heart for ever and a day. My Dear and my Lady, will you have my love?"

If this is comedy we have no idea of the meaning of the word. We should call it farce tempered with vulgarity.

CORNET STRONG OF IRETON'S HORSE. By Dora Greenwell McChesney. (John Lane. 6s.)

FEW plots are more difficult to deal with successfully than those built up round historical incidents, and a story intimately mixed up with the great struggles between Cavaliers and Puritans which preceded Cromwell's Protectorship is the less easy to succeed in, as the times

were full, not only of a burning strenuousness and of unleashed passions, but of the most-complicated humours. "Cornet Strong" is above the average as a novel, and at the same time, a consciousness of failure is undeniable as one reads. It is dramatic, full of exciting episodes, and the character drawing is, in its way, excellent. But the book remains unreal, a fanciful conjuring up of the past. Miss McChesney has done much, but what she has not been able to do is the one essential for a serious historical novel—the conveyance of a convincing atmosphere. Miss McChesney has a clear and vivid style of writing, and a strong sense of scenic possibilities. The canvas was a little too big for her handling, but there are excellent touches nevertheless.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE INDISCRETION OF GLADYS.

By LUCAS CLEEVE.

Gladys was the wife of a baronet, from whom she had concealed the fact of her previous engagement to the man who is the villain of the story. He is a fine red-handed villain of the conventional sort, with the conventional name of Devereux de Lisle. He steals the jewels of the family, and is, in a general way, the evil genius of Gladys, until the agony column of the "Daily Mail" informed her friends of her whereabouts. Then he dies repentant, and the coil is unwound. (Long. 6s.)

THE MAN-WITH-THE-WOODEN-FACE. By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS.

Mrs. Reynolds again takes us to "Llanartro" in the Welsh mountains. The heroine of the story is a little music teacher who had lived in London many years struggling desperately with poverty, and who at last was enabled by success in a prize competition to take a holiday at "Llanartro." Here she met the "man-with-the-wooden-face." The love story is told with simplicity and directness. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE SAVING OF CHRISTIAN

SERGISON.

By ERNEST A. STREETON.

A story of sea-coast villainy and of search for hidden treasure by the author of "The Instigator." That it follows a good model may be judged from the fact that in the first chapter a one-eyed sailor appears at the village inn, chanting at intervals the refrain, "Yo, ho! for the dead man's crew, my lads," &c., and that in the course of a conversation with the narrator of the story he produces a faded manuscript containing cryptic hints of buried treasure. The treasure is, however, in English soil, and the story passes in the smuggling days of the last century. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

ON BEHALF OF THE FIRM.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

Adventure in the West Indies. The narrator is sent to Haiti by a large firm of merchants to avenge the murder of their previous representative. "'Haiti,' I cried aghast—and who will blame me?—'Haiti, where Alvarez murdered Marshall?'" But he consented to go, and in carrying out his mission met with surprising adventures both by sea and land. There are illustrations, and the scenes illustrated are of the thrilling nature; e.g., the frontispiece: "I watched my opportunity and cleared the ugly chasm." (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE NEW LADY TEAZLE.

By HELEN MATHERS.

A volume of short stories by the author of "Comin' thro' the Rye." The title story, an effective little comedy in four chapters, deals with a domestic crisis in Carlton House Terrace. "Society," says one of the characters, "is one huge sheep-pen, in which the blackest are reckoned the whitest, and get the most fun." There are nine other tales in Miss Mathers' characteristic vein. (Digby Long. 3s. 6d.)

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Living History.

THE issue of a new edition of Carlyle's "French Revolution," excellently edited and commented by Mr. Holland Rose, the author of the admirable "Life of Napoleon," from the house of Messrs. George Bell and Sons, awakens many reflections and recollections. Some of us can remember when it opened to our then young eyes an enchanted land of history; vitalising for us scholastic history as we vitalised for ourselves the historic figures of our childhood, or as those we saw, "sole-sitting on the shores of old romance." Mirabeau and Danton took place beside Prince Hal and Cœur-de-Lion. To make "sober history" no less living than the history of Shakespeare and Scott—that is a feat compassed by but one man who writes the English tongue. And the name of him is Carlyle. One reads again the remembered pages, with a recollected fondness, and an associated charm. Not that they need those associations. On the contrary, one has a regretful pleasure in turning them over. For they speak out of the past to us in a day when history has gone far from the Carlylean ways. For of the many virtues and ideals possible or proper to history, it may almost be said we have retained but one—the noblest, if you will—truth. The noblest, the most necessary, but surely not all. Yet we have made it well-nigh all. It was over-much neglected, it may be, by past historians; and the whirligig of time brings in this revenge. We have a race of historians devoted to elaborate fairness of mind, careful research of fact, anxious sifting of detail, judicial weighing of evidence, scrupulous consultation and painful setting-down of first-hand authorities. It is magnificent, but is it history? Is it more than a glorified chronicle, glorified by superior care of veracity? Science and the scientific spirit have invaded history, as they have invaded every department of literature; bringing with them the letter that killeth. In history the letter is most necessary, be it granted: unless the foundations prove sound, there is no soundness in the edifice. But do we not think over-much of detail, without discrimination of its importance? And is it needful to show the scaffolding so apparently as our histories show it? Is it necessary to thresh out the whole process in front of the reader? Their text banked-up with references, and obstructed with arguments of *pro* and *con.*, they resemble legal treatises more nearly than histories. Might not some portion of these things be relegated to appendices for the information of the serious student and the brother-historian?

Meanwhile, all conception of history as a literary art is pushed to the wall by this zeal for the stony fact. Nay, the philosophy of history suffers—to a less degree. There are no entrails, no viscera in these histories; in many there is scarce flesh on the ribs. Can these dry bones live? We think not: they are but skeletons, nay, fossil remains, carefully brought together for some future Owen of history. Carlyle's biographer alone upholds Carlyle's tradition; and with his pictorial inaccuracy is, after all,

more of a Macaulay than a Carlyle. For this Carlyle was no scorner of accurate research. Here was one who made these dry bones live; but he had first laboured severely in the collecting of them. In this "French Revolution" there are mistakes; but he had to sift and delve without predecessors in sifting and delving. And thereto he added the spirit of life, the spirit of art: the thing stands on its feet, and is clothed with flesh, and speaks, and is an organism. And with what flesh he clothed it! Not since Tacitus had man brought to history such force of the living word. The principle of life, the ancients held, was fire; and this "Revolution" is aflame—yea, and if you will, a-smoke too—fuliginous, as he would himself have said. It is a fuming and Plutonic energy, of red glare and violent shadow, an upheaval of decorous conventions and a defiance of anointed traditions in style. Only so (Coventry Patmore is reported to have said) could he have compressed so much into so brief a compass. "The style was itself a revolution." Which is most true. Germanic that style may be, in main features of its mechanical structure or defect of structure; but inwardly and substantially, in those features which cannot be squared by the grammarian's coarse analysis, it is Carlyle and reducible to no precedent beloved of the line-and-level critic. Not only does the sentence-structure, serried, bristling, scornful of flowing and precisely connective progression, make for pregnancy. The bold figures, the startling devices, which so arrest and stimulate attention, are not there merely to astonish, for Teutonic audacity of adornment: they are hieroglyphs, with the condensing power of hieroglyphs. They concentrate like a burning-lens, bring a fulness of meaning to the focal point. Here, as throughout his work, he compels the poetic method to the service of history. Might we not even say that Carlyle had anticipated Wagner? Those nicknames, and other introductory devices by which he combines the stage-light on a prominent figure as it first fronts the reader, and keeps it on him at every successive re-entry; are they not the *leit motif* in history?

Many readings but increase one's admiration for the vivid art—or rather inspiration—of the performance. These Carlylean histories are scarce narrative; they are drama. The thing unfolds like a fiery frieze, turbulent, closer to us than the happenings of Morocco or Somaliland; and the dead clamours of history are borne to us voicefully. Yet out of what rubbish-heaps is the illusion produced; with what power of holding chaotic material in simultaneous liquefaction, and fusing it with volcanic completion. The swift procession of this "French Revolution" dissembles from the reader the difficulties overcome, the organising (or, rather, organic) power put forth in the overcoming of them. Think (for an example) of that royal flight to Varennes in the "Korff berline"; how the intricate details are marshalled with utmost narrative clearness, yet made subservient to a hurrying climax of dramatic effect.

In the "French Revolution" Carlyle's style is not yet pushed to the extreme of the "Friedrich," with its "Dryasdust" and other tricks for labelling minor matter, needlessly cumbrous and *outré*; its picturesqueness grown somewhat mechanical and taking thought to itself. A style which had its function in power of compression is applied to matter less crowded, on a larger scale, losing somewhat of its justification. All that in the "French Revolution" had made for brevity is magnified like a huge distorted shadow; nodosities pictorial on the smaller scale become unwieldy contortions in the slow-labouring amplification. But "Friedrich" remains a monumental exertion of shaggy and solitary strength. The Plutonic force of the "Revolution" has abated; the grim thoroughness is increased. And still the thing is fierily alive beside other histories. Yet more, Carlyle's history has soul and significance. He sees under all entangled factual confusions the working of transcendental powers. But does not this make for unreliability: is not this "Revolution"

(as Frenchmen have said) a huge misreading? Say it be (though we are far from saying it). Such a man can hardly put forth even a mistaken view without more illuminative flashes and suggestions of truth than a colder writer's coldest precision of factual truth: having in him a divining spirit, even when its utterance is choked and perverted by stubborn conglomerate of prejudice. Amidst compilations of conscientiously strained fact, passed through a very colander of research, we still long with regret for such another historian. Innumerable articulating of dry bones; but the spirit will not blow on them, and they do not live.

Applied Fiction.

In the fifth book of the first of the twenty-four volumes of "La Comédie Humaine" is expressed, in the form of a dedication "À une Polonoise," one of those personal secrets of Balzac which haunted a generation. We shall attempt to give a plausible, if inadequate, echo of it in English:—

Daughter of an enslaved land, angel by love, demon by fantasy, child by faith, aged by experience, man by the brain, woman by the heart, giant by hope, mother by sorrow and poet by thy dreams; to thee, who art the surviving spirit of Beauty, this work in which thy love and thy fantasy, thy faith, thine experience, thy sorrow, thy hope, and thy dreams are as the warp which sustains a woof less brilliant than the poetry preserved in thy soul, and the expression of which, when it illuminates thy countenance is, for him who marvels at thee, what are to scholars the symbols of a lost language.

That is the dedication, but in the pages of "Modeste Mignon" one searches in vain for the mysterious Pole who has captivated the heart of this French alchemist. Instead, with the fantasy still ringing in our ears, we find one of the prettiest little comedies that ever ran harmlessly through French fiction. Briefly, Modeste Mignon is a charming, lonely French girl, dimly conscious of an ideal, such as that which vibrates through the dedication. She, too, seeks to address an inconnu as "poète par tes rêves," and to find in his reply "les caractères d'un langage perdu." And because she wishes all this very much, she finds in the poetry of the Parisian Canalis the response to her most exquisite questionings. She reads his poetry again and again, and then, with the facile courage of innocence, she proceeds to write to him. Canalis tosses the letter over to his secretary, la Brière, who broods over it. In the end he decides to answer the letter for his employer. A meeting is arranged, and the sham poet succeeds in winning the heart of Modeste, who, indeed, in her own words, is not at all a Corinne. The young secretary is no poet, but he is a good fellow, and genuinely in love, and the little intrigue ends pleasantly and harmlessly without trace or hint of Gallic malice. The young couple are married and add one more to the list of good dreams that come true, which state of things, indeed, had little enough to do with the original fantasy of Balzac.

Now, some years ago, a young girl, a Slav, who in very truth had in her something of the tameless genius of this "Polonoise," was also seized with a devouring curiosity in regard to the personality of a French author. That Slav was Marie Bashkirtseff, and that author was Guy de Maupassant. Like Modeste, she addressed herself to an unknown Parisian *littérateur*, but, unlike Canalis, M. de Maupassant conducted his own correspondence after his own fashion. The correspondence is to be found at the end of Mademoiselle Bashkirtseff's "Further Memoirs," and, so far as M. de Maupassant's letters are concerned, is conspicuous for a lucidity at once arid and brutal.

It consists of twelve letters. In the first the lady is tantalising and appreciative, and in the second the novelist

is cautious and bored. In the third the artist writes: "However, if a vague description only is necessary to draw to me the beauties of your worn-out soul, one might say, for instance: fair hair, middle height, born between the year 1812 and the year 1863." The novelist replies with a series of questions: "What perfume do you use? Are you a gourmande? What sort of an ear have you? The colour of your eyes? A musician? I do not ask if you are married. If you are you will reply 'no.' If you are not you will reply 'yes.'" Four more letters (two each) are exchanged, and in the last the Russian expresses her revolt and disgust. M. de Maupassant replies: "You know the regular way to recognise women of the world at the Opéra ball. One pinches them. The girls are used to that and simply say, 'Stop it.' The others get angry. I pinched you, in a very improper way, I confess; and you are angry." Two more letters followed, but this was practically the end of Marie Bashkirtseff's Parisian idyl, and she died that very year.

In reading this correspondence one gets an insight into that hard vividness of execution which was the goal of her realism. One recalls her youth, her genius, her intolerance, her egotism, her courage, her despair. Might it all, as Miss Blind has suggested, have been quite different if instead of the realities of the boulevards she had absorbed the dreams of the steppes? Could she have been other than what she was, she whom M. François Copée has called "l'héroïque enfant"? Will some sentimentalist dare to urge that it would have been well if some little "la Brière" had whispered to her, unrebuked, his summer pleading? Well, one knows where to find the answer to that; it is in her "Diary." For the rest, she had the courage of her tragedy, and she expressed it in her art.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

EVEN if "L'Oblat," by Joris-Karl Huysmans, were not a fine piece of literature it would still, as a curious document, be a remarkable and instructive book. But to examine first its literary and less important aspect, there are descriptive pages that can be described as nothing less than first-rate, and this is a measure of praise we have got out of the way of bestowing on books of the hour. Not that such high praise can be given to the book in its entirety, for it is far too difficult reading for perfection, and it is often monstrously heavy and dull, though never uninteresting because of the author's felicitous achievement of his purpose and his rare literary sincerity. He is a conscientious craftsman, like those wonderful craftsmen of the Middle Ages he reveres, and takes not only infinite pains, but infinite delight in the accomplishment of his task and in the most minute details of labour. I would recommend to readers, in order to realise M. Huysmans' marvellous precision and surety of touch in description, such pages as 336 and 337, pages no other living writer could have written in just that way, with all the art as well as the slow and apt security of observation. "At that hour a few maids knitted beside a gigantic poplar whose hollow trunk opened in a wooden grotto on the ground level. This tree, which figures in the ancient cavalier views of Dijon, bulged out a carapace of scabby elephant, girdled with bandages, corsetted with bronze, propped up with crutches, kept in place by wire in every sense. And here and there priests read their breviaries and gardeners wheeled about cart-loads of flowers; one sniffed along the edges of the flower-beds the mixed smell of honey and fresh herbage of the iris; but now and then the sweet and ingenuous perfume was swept away by a whiff of wind which breathed a puff of the sharp and ripened odour spread by the Bohemian olive,

specimens of which might be seen at the bottom of the garden, two or three trees with inky trunks, of silvery foliage and gold-tipped little flowers. And there was a smell of over-ripe melon, of rotting strawberry, of plaster being removed. Before sitting down, Durtal made the round of the alleys separated by clumps of trees. There were collections of coniferous growths, of blue cedars and varied larches, of pines whose stems were almost blond and whose spires were nearly black, and in the flower-plots baskets of salmon-hued roses, light tea-roses and roses of a sulphur shade. Maltese crosses of the bright red of bichromate of potassium, magnificent bushes of aconite, of sombre foliage, of sharp linear edges, and flowers of the celestial blue of the turquoise, but a turquoise from whose too heavy azure the white had been decanted,"—such passages, which abound, show the trained and patient vision of the writer who, in becoming a mystic, has not ceased to belong to the realistic school.

The mystical learning revealed throughout these 448 pages is prodigious, but if it overlays somewhat ostentatiously the novelist's art, it does not hide it altogether. The development of the famous convert, Durtal, whom we have met so often, and whom we always find astonishing and singularly interesting, whether as rake and sensualist or as mystic and oblat, belongs to a consideration of far deeper moment than such matter as mere literature, for whatever the significance of art, it matters greatly less than the drama of the human soul or the drama of human life. But M. Huysmans is essentially, and that before everything, the writer, the artist, and his characters are stamped with all the qualities of the artist's literary temperament. We are pleased to renew acquaintance with Madame Bavoil of Chartres, and find her no less an agreeable and original figure at Dijon, where she rejoins Durtal in the capacity of cook, housekeeper, and friend. The book might be read alone for such characters as Monsieur Lampre and his delightful middle-aged niece, Made-moiselle de Garambois, the oblate. These are easily but lastingly drawn, and the conversations and discussions are natural, with such a ring of the human voice about them that even their liturgical pedantry does not weary or irritate.

So much for the artist, whose merit is considerable. Both less and more may be said of the man. M. Huysmans is, and has always been, his own sole hero. He has never wavered in his allegiance to his minute and merciless study of his "moi." He has carried us with him through all the phases of decadence, decadence in literature and decadence in religion. His mysticism is literary, and his Christianity is purely liturgical. The "Oblat" is a hymn to liturgy, and if he adores the Benedictines, it is because of their Gregorian chaunt and the sober elegance of their offices. Outside the Benedictine cloisters, Catholicism, as practised by the immense majority of his countrymen, is a mere vulgar travesty, fit for common mortals, who in his disdainful and narrow esteem are a mixture of imbecile and "mufle." See how he handles the curé. No Jacobin could treat him more contemptuously. And his loathing of the pious nobleman who plays the organ and sings in the parish church! The unfortunate man is held up to our obloquy, because he sings the sugary music of Gounod and Massenet. The famous choir of St. Gervais all Paris delights in, is castigated as "the success of snobism," "the art of steeplechase" in singing, more fit for the racecourse than a dwelling of Christ. It would be difficult to find a religious temperament more strikingly void of charity, kindness, indulgence, and simple goodness than that of Durtal. He despises and detests all contemporary humanity, except the Benedictines. He gives us a pleasing picture of them, simple, amiable, learned men who indulge in interminable discussions with him on liturgy and unknown saints. We talk of the frivolities of the world, and after reading "L'Oblat," we are in a position to

shake our head in wonder and smile at the frivolities of the cloisters. The importance allotted to etiquette and detail was never attained by any court protocol, and to turn from the Gospels, with their large and simple teaching, to those remarkable and erudite pages of M. Huysmans, with their quiet ecstasy in praise of a religion which has abjured simplicity, and finds its expression in a narrow and intolerant devotion to splendid offices, is to realize the sensation of a mystification. The whole book swells and reels with claustral pride. Some of the musical descriptions are beautiful, as, for instance, Durtal's analysis of the services for the profession of a Benedictine nun. Here he reaches an unwonted note of ecstasy. "The absolute altitude of liturgy and art is here. There are moments when during the extraordinary ceremony the quick thrill of divine splendour makes your soul tremble, and you feel exalted, projected out of yourself, far from the banality of the world that surrounds you." Of course there is a great deal said of the Law of Associations, but here M. Huysmans is surprisingly sane and just. Chapter XIV. opens with a conversation between Durtal and Madame Bavoil over the morning news that the victims of the hour would do well to meditate. This intelligent old lady wants to know why the Orders should show themselves more papist than the Pope. A monk's mission, she holds, is to be persecuted, and he should rejoice in it, or else he is no better than another man, and Durtal exclaims that at the bottom of the clamours of the moment there is a good deal of hypocrisy. "We claim to-day the liberty we have never granted to others," he cries, "and if to-morrow the wind turned, if one of the sorry vegetables grown in our Catholic kitchen-gardens supplanted Waldeck, we would be far more intolerant than he, and would render him almost sympathetic. We worried everyone to death, Madame Bavoil, whenever we had a suspicion of authority. We are getting it back now, for these things are always paid back. . . . Ah, yes, the Catholics deserve all they are getting, and we should repeat this every morning and evening on our knees before God and man." Elsewhere he blames Jansenism and Jesuitism for all the evils of the day. "Imbecile bigotry, the fear of our shadow, hatred of art, lack of comprehension of everything, lack of indulgence for the ideas of others, we owe to the Jansenists. The passion of little devotions, prayer without liturgy, suppression of offices with sole compensation of musical Benedictions, the lack of substantial nourishment, the milk diet of the soul, this we have from the Society of Jesus, and the two together have produced a strange amalgam of sectarian intolerance and feminine piousness, in which we are going to pieces." *Pieusarderie*, a coined word, describes "piousness" with an untranslatable and indescribable contempt.

The last chapter, with the flight of the Benedictines, breathes a charming note of pathos and a mournful resignation. The reader has become attached to this little world of monks andoblats, all harmless and all mad on liturgy.

H. L.

Impressions.

XXVIII.—An Interlude.

FRUIT trees in blossom, looking as if their branches had been powdered with flecks of unmelting snow, hid the run of the valley. Beneath each tree was its tiny carpet of blown petals. Beyond the valley stretched the common, the yellow gorse shining in the sunshine; above, the air was melodious with the songs of birds. When I closed my eyes, there was no sound but their rapture, and the rustle of some busy little rodent in the near thicket.

Spring was burgeoning over the land, content just to be. In all that sweep of white blossom from this hill to the next there was no sign of man or his works.

Suddenly he appeared on horseback, a man of war, and following him, creeping like marauders from the wood, stealthily, with bent heads, a line of soldiers came out sinuously upon the common. They drew me to them. The man on horseback grasped a note-book in his left hand; the officers carried maps; twelve of the company were cyclists, and all formed up in the lee of the orchard—black uniforms against white blossoms. Whispered words of command were given, the cyclists mounted and went fanwise into the beyond, the foot soldiers in companies of four scouted forward, darting from tree to tree, taking cover in bush and whin, extending, always extending, till the country-side was dotted with those dark, darting figures seeking the enemy in that land which spring had touched with her light fingers.

"Where is the enemy?" I murmured to the man on horseback. He was the Umpire. For an hour I had assiduously followed him. Glancing up from his note-book, he pointed with his binoculars to the horizon: "I locate them there," he said. I saw nothing but the bobbing heads of our scouts, and far away the intermittent rush of cyclists across bye-roads. On we crept. Then a shot was fired, and a cyclist came racing back to report. The sun gleamed on the barrel of his gun, and he shouted to the Umpire, as he whizzed past, that somebody was captured. The Umpire made a note of the information. More shots were fired. This was war. In spring-time, in an English county—war. Three frightened children came tearing towards us from the front. The Umpire cantered forward, reining in his horse for a moment to shout to a scout that a ditch, along which he was wriggling like a snake, was out of bounds. I crossed the zone of fire on the heels of the Umpire and came up with the enemy. They were lying snug in a sand-pit. On one side was an orchard with a board marked "Trespassers will be prosecuted," on the other an ancient wall. The position was excellently chosen, indeed, impregnable. It was impossible to take them on the flank as that would have necessitated trespassing on private lands. This the attacking force knew, but daring greatly, they crept forward, one by one, hugging the wall; others advancing, step by step, tried to conceal themselves in the shadow of the iron railings that girdled the orchard. And as they ran and bobbed and crawled, the fortunate soldiers lying snug in the pit fired quickly and confidently. The Umpire wrote furiously in his pocket book, coughing, for the smoke was dense where he stood. A slim Colonel emerged from the pit, swaggered to the Umpire, saluted, and pointing to the nimble figures against the wall and the railing, said, "I say, you know, those men are all dead!" The Umpire looked, considered, acquiesced, and galloped away to tell them that they had been slain. They received the news ungraciously but obediently, and threw themselves on the ground. The bugle "cease firing" sounded. Victors and vanquished fraternised; the cyclists mounted their machines; the Umpire closed his note-book; the officers folded their maps; the north wind carried the smoke away, and cooled the hot faces of the soldiers. Then they all disappeared, and left the spring in peace.

There were cowslips in the field behind the wall, and, when the smoke and the soldiers were gone, the larks began to sing again. Once more the fire zone was fragrant with the soft scents of gorse and blossom. For a little while war had crossed the white tracks of spring to blare between the cowslips and the skylarks. The interlude was over.

Drama.

"Everyman" on Notting Hill.

THE "morall play" of "The Summoning of Everyman" was revived by the Elizabethan Stage Society, at the Coronet Theatre, as being a suitable entertainment for Passion Week. Probably every serious playgoer has by now had an opportunity of seeing "Everyman," and I need hardly expatiate upon the grave simplicity of the piece, upon its naive use of symbolism, or upon the ethical interest which it brings with it from days when the literary drama was not ashamed to be a direct utterance upon the issues of life and death and conduct. It is, I am afraid, touched with clericalism. The cloven hoof of the priesthood shows itself in the harangues of Five Wits and Knowledge to Everyman as to the value of penance, and contrition, and the seven sacraments for his soul's salvation. Says Five Wits:—

Everyman, God gave priests that dignity,
And setteth them in His stead among us to be;
Thus be they above angels in degree.

And the shavelings who sit motionless at the corners of the stage peep under their down-cast eyelids to see how the audience take the sentiment. I have little doubt that the author of the play was a priest, but the speech of Knowledge which follows, with its condemnation of

all they
Which God their Saviour do buy or sell,
Or they for any money to take or tell,

suggests that he was a priest who held his vocation seriously, and was not improbably in sympathy with that reforming impulse which, in spite of onslaughts upon Lollardry, was, at the time when "Everyman" was written, already beginning to make head amongst thoughtful men. However this may be, the obvious sincerity of the play has its very real fascination, and there is at least one astonishingly dramatic moment when Everyman, gaily clad and singing his song of wantonness, like the Magdalen in *gaudio* of the miracle-plays, is met by the grim figure who has just been sent from the conclave of the Highest to arrest him.

When "Everyman" was first revived, it was rather difficult to get hold of a convenient copy of the text. That want has now been met by Mr. F. Sidgwick, who has published through Mr. A. H. Bullen a very neat little edition in modernised spelling. The literary history of the play is curious, and well illustrates the cosmopolitan nature of mediæval and Renaissance book-making. It is not quite certain whether it is the original or a translation of a very similar Dutch play, entitled "Spyghel der Salicheyt von Elckerlijck," of which the author is probably the mystic Peter Dorland of Diest. Prof. Logemann, who has made an elaborate study of the subject, takes the latter view; Dr. De Raaf, the editor of the Dutch text, the former. "Elckerlijck" was turned into Latin by Christian Sterck under the name of "Homulus." From this it got into German, and from German back again into the Dutch from which it had started. But to the "Homulus" and its translations are added several scenes from an independent neo-Latin play on another version of the same theme. This is the "Hecastus" of George Lankveld, or Macropepius, of Utrecht, of which in its turn there exist one Danish, one Swedish and six German translations. The total literature of this particular dramatic group is, as will be seen, a somewhat complicated one. The original source, alike of "Everyman" or of "Elckerlijck," whichever may claim the priority, and of "Hecastus," seems to have been a Buddhist story which had filtered down through the "Legenda Aurea" of Jacobus de Voragine and the "Speculum Historiale" of Vincent de Beauvais, from the "Barlaam and Jehosaphat" of John of Damascus, a Patriarch of

Antioch in the eleventh century. This story is a parable of a man who is called before the judgment-seat to pay a debt. He has three friends, two of whom desert him, while the third remains faithful. The three represent his worldly prosperity, his kith and kin, and his righteous deeds respectively. But it will be observed that there is nothing here of what is most effective of all in the play, the figure of Death. This is the introduction of the mediæval dramatist; and of course, it is inspired by those figured representations of the *danse macabre* or "Dance of Death," of Death hobnobbing impartially with king and clown, with pope and fool, which form the subject of many a long series of frescoes and prints from the fifteenth century. The *danse macabre* was one of the principal channels through which the element of allegory, which largely differentiates the morality from the miracle-play, found its way into the mediæval drama. A *jeu histoire et moralité sur le fait de la danse macabre* was performed before Philip the Good at Bruges in 1449. Another example is recorded at Besançon in 1453. Of the great English cycles of miracle-plays, the one which is most influenced by the love of the later middle ages for allegory is that known, although probably incorrectly, as the "*Ludus Conventiæ*." Amongst other such episodes is one at the end of the play of "The Slaughter of the Innocents," in which "Dethe, Goddys masangere," enters at Herod's banquet, slays him, and sings his dirge of triumph over all mankind:—

I am sent fro God, Death is my name!
 All thing that is on ground I wield at my will:
 Both man and beast and birdes, wild and tame,
 When that I come them to, with death I do them
 kill.
 Herbs, grass, and trees strong, take them all in same;
 Yea, the great mighty oaks with my dent I spill;
 What man that I wrestle with, he shall right soon have
 shame,
 I give him such a trepett, he shall evermore lie still;
 For death can no sport.
 Where I smite, there is no grace,
 For after my stroke man hath no space
 To make amends for his trespass,
 But God him grant comfort.

When, in the fifteenth century, mediæval drama came to deal almost wholly with allegorical abstractions, rather than with Scriptural or legendary personages, and to aim less at the exposition of divine history than at the establishing of ethics and faith, the Triumph of Death was one of the three or four themes on which the morality rang its changes. In English it is treated, not only in "Everyman," but also in an earlier play, of which a fragment only has been comparatively recently discovered. This is known as "The Pride of Life." Everyman is represented in it by a King "Rex Vivus," who sports with Mirth, Fortitude, and Health, and is vainly called upon by his queen and a bishop to repent. Presently Death comes to take him, and only the prayers of Our Lady save him from the "ffendis."

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Marbles and Memories.

Two reasons prompted me to take that particular book out to the edge of the quarry, and, lying there on the turf, to turn the leaves again. First, that for the whirl and clash of spring picture exhibitions, now beginning to assert themselves again, it is well to prepare oneself by a day's companionship with some great personality of the past; second, that this was a quarry, and it is against the background of a quarry that I see the figure of Michael Angelo. Eight months was Michael Angelo in the mountains of Carrara quarrying

marbles for the tomb of Pope Julius II., helped by two workmen and a horse, and without any salary but his food. In those eight months of his wilderness what dreams must have been his of lordly sculptures that those blocks of shining marble held. Perhaps there he saw the "Moses" hidden in that crag overlooking the sea out of which Condivi tells us he longed to carve a Colossus that would be a landmark for sailors: perhaps it was during those solitary months that this Titan, so brimful of exuberant life that he had not the patience to work on them to the point of finish, wrenched from the marble those rough-hewn colossal figures now in the Boboli Gardens at Florence. Thirty-four cartloads of marble he shipped to Rome, and when the great masses of marble were strewn out over the piazza of St. Peter's "they were the admiration of all and a joy to the Pope." Thus happily and triumphantly, with Rome acclaiming, and the Pope approving, began the preparations for that Tomb of Pope Julius that was to bring Michael Angelo such trouble and grief, and to proceed no further than the "Moses," and the two slaves now in the Louvre. Condivi, his friend and pupil, has told us the story of "The Tragedy of the Tomb," and it was Condivi's Life of Michael Angelo that I took out with me to read that afternoon on the edge of the quarry. This document, now translated completely for the first time by Mr. Charles Holroyd, is accompanied by a supplementary life and an account of the master's works from his own pen, with an appendix containing some conversations on painting reported by a Portuguese miniature painter who was in Rome in 1538. Michael Angelo is the chief contributor to the symposium, another is the Lady Marchioness of Pescara, "of whose divine spirit he was enamoured." Published by Messrs. Duckworth, this well-designed volume has many illustrations, and was just the kind of companion to take with one to the edge of a quarry, and to recall through a spring afternoon the deep sign-mark of Michael Angelo on the centuries.

Condivi gives a minute description of his appearance, but the picture does not compose. Heroic was his work, heroic seems the man. Those thirty-four cartloads of marble strewing the piazza of St. Peter's are typical. I see him against the background of that tumbled mountain of marble, or working for twenty months at that picture-gallery of one hundred and forty separate pictures on the vault of the Sistine Chapel. "When he had finished this work," says Condivi, "because he had painted so long a time with his eyes turned upwards towards the vault, he could hardly see anything when looking down, so that when he had to read a letter or look at a minute object it was necessary for him to hold it above his head." Out of the past come details of that stupendous work. This vault of grey sky that hangs low over the quarry might be the vault of the Sistine Chapel, and poised there upon the clouds I see the colossal figure of the prophet Jeremiah, his feet crossed, chin resting on hand, brooding into futurity: see, too, the eager head of Ezekiel, restless, minatory, his hand outstretched; the timorously knowing face of the Delphic Sibyl, and that large, lithe heaving figure of the first man touched into life by the finger of the Eternal. Or it may be that yonder dark clouds shape themselves into the cowering figures of Adam and Eve fleeing into the desert. Superhuman these gigantic shapes seem, superhuman the man who fashioned them. The human figure was his idea of decoration: he loved the human figure: had he done nothing but the vault of the Sistine Chapel his achievement in bulk would have been greater than the life work of any of his contemporaries. Truly the arch of the sky is the right place to re-create the work of such a man.

And yet it is not the painter of the Sistine Chapel that I think of when I recall the name of Michael Angelo, it is the sculptor of the Overman, who gathered up into single figures the hopes, the efforts, the destinies

of generations. That massive "Moses" who sits out there in his great seat on the edge of the quarry clutching his flowing beard, tense, massive, very old, typifies the seer and the leader, pitiable, but just, and unvanquished by the world. You see the body beneath the clothes, you feel the power in the bare arms and the arrogant right leg of this "most marvellous Moses," as Condivi calls him. There he sits, unconquered, still eager, the type of the man who, playing his part well in the world, yet looks beyond it. Near by, gazing not towards the hills like Moses, but down into the valley where Florence might lie, sits the helmeted Lorenzo the Magnificent brooding over "what might have been had he acted his part in Florence." His chin rests on his hand, his eyes are heavy and downcast. Defeat has come to him, but it is splendid defeat: he takes it as he took life—magnificently. So I see these two types against the sky-line, the colossal "Moses" with his eyes upturned, and the colossal "Lorenzo" with his eyes downcast, and beneath them those four gigantic figures of Day, Evening, Night and Dawn, symbols of the poetry, emotion and effort in human life that, for over four hundred years, men have marvelled at in the dim Sacristy of San Lorenzo.

I see this mighty Michael Angelo snatching what leisure he could from his duties as commander of the forces for the defence of Florence, to labour in secret in the Sacristy on these tombs of the Medici, working hard, eating little and poorly, and sleeping less: I hear the old man's cry in a letter to the King of France, praying that if it be possible to carve statues or to paint in another life he may be allowed to do so, there "where there is no growing old": I see him when his work in sculpture or painting did not proceed as quickly as he wished, writing sonnets and madrigals: I have visions of him, an old man of eighty-two, visiting the hermits in the mountains of Spoleto, and writing to Vasari, "less than half of me has come back to Rome, for truly there is no peace except among the woods": I hear his lamentation over the death of his favourite servant, "the only hope left to me is seeing him again in Paradise . . . the better part of me went with him, nothing is left to me but endless sorrow." Thus the mortal part of Michael Angelo, grown old and sorrowful; but the immortal part of him stands up there against the sky-line—"Moses" and "Lorenzo," towering above the "Day," the "Evening," the "Night," and the "Dawn."

But it is not as old and broken that I like to think of him, but rather in his triumphant days, the arrogant friend of popes and princes—sculptor, soldier, architect, poet, painter, ascetic who asked nothing more than to be allowed to work at his art in this life and the next. "You frighten everybody, even Popes," wrote Sebastiano to him: indeed, although he was kind to a fault to his relations, sometimes his anger leaps out, as in that letter to Simone. "I have gone these twelve years past drudging about through all Italy, borne every shame, suffered every hardship, worn my body in every toil, put my life into a thousand dangers, solely to help the fortunes of my house, and now that I have begun to raise it up a little, you alone choose to destroy and ruin in one hour all that I have done in so many years, and with such labours. By Christ's body this shall not be! for I am the man to confound ten thousand such as you whenever it be needed. Be wise in time then, and do not try one who has other things to vex him."

One more picture. He is old, but still a worker, consulting scholars as to his poems, and seeing the Dome of St. Peter's, that his brain devised, rising under the hands of the master masons. His last work in sculpture was the "Pietà" for the High Altar of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence. He spent days and nights over it: it was to be his monument. The unfinished head of Nicodemus—sad and worn—who clasps the body of his Lord was to be

his own portrait. Vasari saw him in his vast and dimly-lighted studio working by night at this great block of inchoate marble with a lighted candle stuck in the paper cap on his head. So illumined I think I see him down there in the gloom of the quarry. I hear the click of the chisel on the marble, see dimly the "Pietà" growing into life, and the sound of mallet and chisel goes to the rhythm of that sonnet of his that Wordsworth cast into his own pure English: so poets are linked to poets:—

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed
If thou the spirit give by which I pray.

His last work! A prayer in stone!

C. L. H.

Science.

The Inner Limit of Vision.

THE revealing power of the microscope is limited by the nature of light. Herein is one of the many cases where science deliberately asserts that, in a most fruitful direction of research, the very means which are employed by her impose the inviolable restriction, "thus far and no further." Whatever developments are forthcoming in the use of the microscope, the wave-length of light must be reckoned with. The law is simple enough in statement. It is theoretically possible for two points to be distinguished under the microscope if the distance between them be at least equal to the wave-length of the light that is used. This relation holds with light passing perpendicularly upwards through the object examined, if it be transparent; or reflected perpendicularly from its surface to the lenses of the microscope and of the eye, if it be translucent or opaque. With oblique illumination the inner limit of vision is reduced to half the wave-length of the light employed. I use the word vision in this relation to include the sensitiveness of the human retina or of a photographic plate. And it is particularly to be noted that a sensitive plate may record rays of wave-length too short to affect our eyes. It follows, in theory, that the photographic method may reveal minuteness of structure—in a germ-cell, for example—which we can never directly see. Here is a surprising parallel to the value of this artificial eye when vicariously applied to the telescope; for in the furthest heavens also it can reveal what we may never see by direct vision. I am not going to discuss the chances of an astronomer ever seeing the disc of a fixed star; but it is of high philosophical importance to consider the reasons why the physicist will never be able to see even the largest of molecules, far less an atom or an ion; and why the biologist will never be able to gaze unashamed upon the beauty of the hidden face of life, nor see bare before him the heavy-veiled mystery of the structure of living protoplasm. And am I not justified in speaking of "high philosophical importance," if the secret of life be thus locked for ever within the untrodden ways of a burning network that defies our inmost analysis?

If we wish to know where the limit lies we must consider the entire spectrum of light. For convenience we defy etymology and talk of the "invisible spectrum"—the unseeable seen. I suppose this unfortunate term must be accepted. As we at present know the spectrum of light (letting philology go), it begins with the rays of low pitch that we recognise as radiant heat—the "infra-red" rays. From these it passes upwards through the visible spectrum—the vibrations becoming regularly more rapid and the wave-length shorter—to the ultra-violet, beyond which, as we are just coming to know, is a long gap, closed at last by the Röntgen rays. Beyond these tiny narrow waves we know of nothing. (And, by the way, I think it is time to discontinue the use of

Röntgen's own modest term, "X." The rays are no longer "unknown," and now, after eight years, the discoverer's name or a descriptive one should be allotted to them. There are enough phenomena in Nature that we may put under "X" without including the few that we can define.) Now, if we apply the general theorem with which I began, we may fairly state, I think, that as far as we at present know (for there may be something beyond even the Röntgen rays) the most intimate revelation possible to us would be obtained by microscopic examination of an object obliquely illuminated by the Röntgen rays. Their wave-length is probably less than one four-millionth of an inch; so that by their use two points under the microscope could be separately identified if there were one eight-millionth part of an inch between them. This indicates approximately the utmost limit theoretically possible; wherefore I have worked it out. Possibly it will never be more than theory. To begin with, the Röntgen rays are so narrow that they are not deflected by ordinary matter. At present they cannot be bent or refracted, and they may prove to be essentially irrefrangible. Hence no lens or series of lenses such as a microscope could utilise them. And, furthermore, we would need a surface that would record the form of the rays, even supposing that they could be bent. The retina, of course, would record nothing.

But now let us turn to the gap between the ultra-violet and the Röntgen rays. It is a tremendous hiatus and contains tremendous possibilities. The visible spectrum consists of just about an octave; that is to say, violet light consists of vibrations about twice as frequent as those of the red. Now, if the Röntgen rays be only one hundred times as rapid as violet light—and the ratio may be several hundreds—it follows that there is a possibility of obtaining hundreds of octaves of ethereal vibration in the gap. I must interrupt myself to protest that this is all speculation on my part and is to be taken as such. But, at any rate, there is nothing in the known properties of the ether to preclude the possibility of its vibrating at any or all of these intermediate speeds.

It seems to me that we may soon discover one or many of these possible octaves that I have supposed. I am puzzled for a name, but I suppose I may provisionally call them the infra-Röntgen rays. The Röntgen rays may never be refrangible, but, had we the whole ethereal gamut at our beck and call, we might well find some rays nearer ordinary sunlight and therefore refrangible as it is. Then may we hope for some new light on heredity and on the supreme problems which the grey surface of the human brain offers to itself.

Now I do not want the readers of the ACADEMY to think that I am offering them raw speculation because it amuses me. I suggested this possible source of light on heredity to Lord Rayleigh the other day and he agreed, with a smile at my biological frenzy, that certainly there must be a rational possibility of an advance in our knowledge by the use in connexion with the microscope of the hypothetical form of radiant energy which I have called the infra-Röntgen rays—or, if you like, the "gap" radiation.

Finally, let me give one reason for supposing that these hitherto unknown rays, helping to fill up the "gap," may be present in the solar radiation. Sir William Crookes and M. Curie hold different views as to the source whence radium obtains its energy. M. Curie, in his latest paper in the *Comptes Rendus*, supposes an entirely unknown form of energy. Sir William Crookes believes that radium gets its energy from the movements of the molecules in the air that surrounds it. That amounts to saying that radium gets its energy from the atmospheric pressure; there is no real distinction. The question is still *sub judice*; but I should like to note a property of this new element which leads me to guess that M. Curie's "entirely unknown form of energy" may be simply what I have called the "infra-Röntgen" radiation. Radium has the power, corresponding to fluorescence, of transforming

Röntgen rays into visible light and heat. So it is not unreasonable to suppose that a radiation of lower pitch than the Röntgen rays, but shriller, so to speak, than the highest known ray of ultra-violet light, may be similarly transformed and constitute the hitherto unidentified source of the energy of radium. These "gap" rays may well be refrangible and therefore available for the microscope. Being of shorter wave-length than the shortest "actinic" rays they will afford a higher magnification; and if they also can be made to affect sensitive paper there will be for our eyes a wider though ever incomplete unfolding of the gates of the temple of life.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

"The Sayings of Jesus."

SIR,—Your correspondent "The Bookworm" always provides one of the most interesting pages of the ACADEMY, but I just ask for a very few lines wherein to correct a slight misunderstanding displayed in his last week's contribution. In preparing the little booklet with the above title, my least wish has been to be thought original—the general hunt for originality being in my sight the greatest hindrance to dignity and repose in modern life and modern literature. I am, of course, quite familiar with the admirable books which "The Bookworm" mentions, but none of them met my own personal needs. I therefore prepared "The Sayings of Jesus" solely for my own use. I found it so satisfactory to myself that I determined to permit its publication. From letters that have reached me from those whose needs and interests at all resemble my own, I find that the book was worth publishing. I merely wish to point out that "The Sayings of Jesus" is not a little piece of hack book-making. By the way, I think "The Bookworm" has overlooked the fact that I have—possibly impertinently—extensively modified the words of the Authorised translation where, in my opinion, that translation, through error or archaism, gives an inaccurate rendering of the original.—Yours, &c.,

HARRY ROBERTS.

Hayle, Cornwall.

Mary Arden's House at Wilmcote.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter signed Marie Corelli, which appears in your issue of March 21, and in which Miss Corelli states that Mary Arden's House "has been turned into three tenement dwellings." As the owner of the house in question, will you kindly permit me to say that this statement is absolutely incorrect. The house is in the occupation of one tenant only, and has been so for very many years.

As to its rustic and picturesque beauty having been destroyed, nothing has been done to destroy it beyond what was absolutely necessary for the preservation of the building. To this end, in 1899 the greater part of an old pear tree, which had forced itself through the roof of the gable, had to be cut away, and some of the creepers had also to be removed.—Yours, &c.,

G. E. SMITH.

13, Warwick Road, Stratford-on-Avon.

"Fiction and Froth."

SIR,—Every thoughtful person who reads many current novels must thank you for your temperate protest against the spirit of misrepresentation which pervades so much of the fiction of the day. The name of those novels is legion which one opens only to find a series of libels upon

human nature. One is tempted to wish there were any means of punishing those who "imitate humanity so abominably," or at least of deterring them from future outrages.

Happily there is always a brighter side. There are established reputations which require no defence, and of these I do not speak. But I have found among new writers some who evidently are, as your article puts it, "careful observers of the growth and development of, say, a couple of families"; who have made—again I quote your article—"an actual return to actual life." Two such writers have lately given us as a result of this method, a couple of sane, wholesome, and interesting volumes, without devising impossible characters and impossible situations. These writers are as unknown to me as I am to them: I have therefore all the more pleasure in calling the notice of those who are tired of froth and flummery to "Changes and Chances" and "The Fetish of the Family." I enclose my card.—Yours, &c.,

A REVIEWER.

Pioneers of the "Delusion."

SIR,—Mr. T. V. Holmes suggests that Mr. Sidney Lee is not quite accurate in his contention that America is "the land in which the Baconian delusion first came into being and has been chiefly nurtured." If by "Baconian delusion" Mr. Sidney Lee refers to the "Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy," Mr. Sidney Lee is perfectly correct. Both its birth and nurture are justly claimed by America.

The first known publication questioning the right of Shakespeare to the authorship of the Shakespearean dramas was "The Ancient Lethe," published by Harper and Brothers in New York in 1848, and written by Joseph C. Hart, a brilliant New York lawyer, journalist, and yachtsman, the friend and associate of Willis and Poe, and a colonel in the National Guards. He contrasted Shakespeare with the other Elizabethan writers, and argued that the facts known in the life of Shakespeare, so far as they are known, are incompatible with the authorship, taking up the plays in review and claiming that Shakespeare had very little part in them. Hart suggested no author, however.

The scene then changes to Scotland, where an article, "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" appeared in 1852 in "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," in which the same arguments were adduced. "We repeat," the author states, "there is nothing recorded in his [Shakespeare's] every-day life that connects the two [the man of Stratford and the author of "Hamlet"] except the simple fact of his selling the poems and realising the proceeds, and their being afterwards published with his name attached; and the statements of Ben Jonson, which, however, are quite compatible with his being in the secret." It may interest your readers to know that the author of this article in a Scotch journal was a Scotchman, the father of another famous Scotchman, "Dr. Jim," the "author" of a more celebrated work—"the Jameson Raid."

Next came America to the front, with an article by Delia Bacon in "Putnam's Monthly," in January, 1856, entitled "William Shakespeare and His Plays: An Enquiry concerning them." It was only a short paper of nineteen pages; but Miss Bacon, who was the friend of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Carlyle, was indubitably the first writer who connected the name of Francis Bacon with the authorship of the Shakespearean dramas. This article she afterwards expanded into a huge tome, "The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded," in 1857. Poor Delia's life was a sad one, but in London she was kindly received and treated by Carlyle and his wife, on her introduction to them by Emerson and Hawthorne. She drew, in her article, with a singularly skilful hand, the contrast between the known facts in

the life of Shakespeare and the magnificence of the dramas that bear his name. She also advanced in her book, for the first time, the theory of a hidden under-current of philosophy in the works of both Bacon and Shakespeare, veiled in cipher and allegory for the Elizabethan times, but to be read and understood by a future age. This theory Nathaniel Hawthorne admirably outlined in his preface to the volume.

In the same year appeared an English work, "Bacon and Shakespeare: Letter from William Henry Smith, on the Psalms Translated by Bacon," in which it was claimed that these translations show the poetic faculty in Bacon, and that "his mind was so essentially poetical that it was as great a constraint to him to write prose or to spare or pass by a jest." Shortly afterwards Mr. Smith issued an enlargement and extension of this letter as "Bacon and Shakespeare: An Enquiry touching Players, Play-Houses, and Play-Writers, in the Days of Elizabeth." Mr. Smith is still alive, and took part in the recent correspondence in "The Times." His book is a small one, but the quality is excellent.

It will thus be seen that in the "delusion," in point of priority, America comes first, Scotland second, and England third.

Since 1857 what a mass of literature has appeared on the subject! In 1884 Mr. Wyman published a "Bibliography" of 255 items—to which I am much indebted for my facts—subsequently added to by supplementary lists in "Shakesperiana," April and July, 1886, April and December, 1887, and May and December, 1888, also "Poet-Lore," February, 1889, forming a condensed consecutive record of the whole controversy, full also of curious side-lights upon odd corners of Shakespearean study, and affording the student matter of peculiar interest.

The last item numbered by Mr. Wyman is 424. The last item in my collection—the largest in the world, as Messrs. Romeike and Curtice can certify—is numbered 2,621, which will prove that the subject has attracted some attention since the year 1889. This collection, which will eventually become the property of the Bacon Society, is till then at the service of any of your readers who care to apply to me for information on any point in connection with the controversy in which they are interested.

When, at the commencement of my too-long letter, I gave Colonel Hart the first credit of the so-called "delusion," I forgot that Byron, years before, had stated that he expected to wake up some morning to find that "Shakespeare had never written Shakespeare"; and that Disraeli in "Venetia" (1837) had said: "And who is Shakespeare?" We know of him as much as we do of Homer. Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he ever write a single whole play? I doubt it. He appears to me to have been an inspired adapter for the theatres, which were then not so good as barns. I take him to have been a botcher-up of old plays. [Sidney Lee (p. 59) says: "Criticism has proved beyond doubt that in these plays Shakespeare did no more than add, revise, and correct other men's work."] His popularity is of modern date, and it may not last; it would have surprised him marvellously. Heaven knows, at present, all that bears his name is alike admired, and a regular Shakesperean falls into ecstasies with trash which deserves a place in the *Dunciad*.

Perhaps, after all, England has first claim on the services of a Shakesperean doubter, as Mr. Holmes suggests—and his name Beaconsfield. As a Tory and Baconian of forty years' standing, I trust this is correct.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE STRONACH.

7, Warrender Park Crescent, Edinburgh.

"Taken as Read."

SIR,—It may be interesting to you to have the views of one of those "sad-eyed" public librarians on the use made of the "immortals." A great deal is said and written on the neglect of them by people who, having neglected them themselves, imagine all other people do so. In the course of my official duties I have taken account of the number of readings of certain classics with surprising results. With regard to Dante and Homer, we have Cary's translation of the former, and it is so constantly in use that I dare to call it a popular book; Lang's, Pope's, and Morris's versions of Homer are used here, and to take figures from the first only it has been issued about 200 times in four years. Am I to imagine that these books are only borrowed for mere show? I do not think so.

Again, critics of such standing as Mr. Frederic Harrison declare that George Eliot is not read now; others that Scott is unpopular, Thackeray remains unread; and as for Milton and Shakespeare, they are mere furniture on the shelves. Now all this betrays a painful ignorance of the actual reading public. We have two sets of George Eliot, and it is a fact that they are always out; "Adam Bede" is as popular as "East Lynne" or "Lady Audley's Secret." Each of Thackeray's, Scott's, and Peacock's works find at least twenty readers yearly; "Ivanhoe," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Vanity Fair," and "Pendennis," a great many more. Could your writer but see how thumbed and worn by constant use are our volumes of Milton his tone would be modified. We have three copies of Shakespeare; these too, except in the three summer months, are so popular that many borrowers wait weeks for them. We have two copies of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and their circulation is equally great.

All this may seem romance to the writer of your article; it is sober fact. The National Home Reading Union and the University Extension Movement are excellent supplements to the public (not free) library, and I, for one, shall be glad to see Dr. Garnett's advice as to the union and co-operation of all these adopted. Meanwhile, I am fully convinced that a public exists which does not take the classics as read; and much good work is done in helping it by the "sad-eyed" librarians.

Where the library is arranged on the same principle of open access, as here, the results are always good. Reviewers, seeing that the proportion of fiction does, and always will, overshadow the issues of heavier books, do not consider the effect on the community that the annual issue of 20,000 serious books—and that is a fair number for the average public library—must have.—Yours, &c.,

Central Public Library,
Bournemouth.

W. C. BERWICK SAYERS,

Sub-Librarian.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 186 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best rendering in English verse of a song of Raftery's which we quoted from Lady Gregory's "Poets and Dreamers." Twenty-four replies have been received. We award the prize to Mr. Frank Mathew, Kent Cottage, Lyme Regis, for the following:—

I know a flower that grows where a mountain byeway goes,
With a dearer voice than Deirdre's, or Helen's fair to see,
Or a bird's upon a spray; she is light and bright as they;
It is not for man to find on the earth a fairer mind
Since the hills were black with sorrow for the Pearl of Ballylee.
She is slender tall and white, a fountain of delight;
The darkness of the blind would be broken by her breast
When its gleaming has outdone all the glory of the Sun,
And her proud and noble grace. Love's one home is in her face
And the promise of the evening star that brings the weary rest.

Her rich hair wanders free in waves below her knee,
As delicate and amber as the tears of early morn,
And illumines the blackest rays. I shall not live many days
If the gladness of her voice does not wake me to rejoice.
O she is as pure and shining as the dew on golden corn!
In darkness and despair I am sure of honour there:
She says "Good-morrow" kindly and courteously to me,
If I were a lord with land, many miles, at my command,
This would be my only pride,—young Mairin would be my bride.
When I should be groping onward, it is there that I would be!

Other replies follow:—

It's along the road she's walking beneath the open sky,
Her long hair streams behind her like the dewy harvest pale;
Sure, if there met her a-dancing, a man with never an eye,
He'd see her slender whiteness all through her amber veil.
Of all the girls that open their eyes still to the sun,
There's none of her upbringing. Ah, if it fell to me—
The grand estate of Lord Lucan—it's I would have this one,
This loveliest of jewels since the pearl of Ballylee.
It's the blessed love of hundreds shines in her morning face,
And in her eyes the promise of the evening star I see;
No flower by the wayside is like her slender grace,
Or the waving, winding splendour to the shoe's mouth falling free.
With Deirdre's own voice she greets me in the pleasant hush of morn,
And brings a stool from the corner, and drinks a health with me;
While the song of her "Good morrow" is the cuckoo's on the thorn:
Ah, flower-faced Mairin Stanton, there's none the like of ye.
Oh, the dew of all her brightness is a-dropping on my soul,
And it's talking I sit and talking when I should be far on my way;
But if the time was coming that I should lose my dole
Of a hundred words from Mairin, I'd never outlast the day!
[E. R., London.]

There's a flower by the side of the road whose beautiful voice
can beat
The beautiful voices of Deirdre and Helen the Grecian Queen;
She has light and brightness as they, and her mouth as a cuckoo
is sweet,
And since the Ballylee pearl no spirit like her's has been.
If she walk out under the sky when the roads in the sunshine are,
By the flashing white of her breast a man might see without eyes.
Her face has the love of hundreds and the hope of the evening star.
Had she lived in the time of the gods not Venus had won the prize.
Her hair falls down to her knees, yea, down to the mouth of her shoes,
Winding and waving and leaving the pathway behind her bright,
Spreading out wide and pale with the width and pallor of dews,
And she is the nicest taught of all who behold the light.
Had I Lord Lucan's estate, this jewel were mine, I know—
Slender lime-white shape, flower-face and amber hair,
Neck and cheek, O Virgil, and Homer, and Cicero,
Sing nothing like her who is dew that the harvest meadows wear.
You must love the flower of the branch seeing it move and dance.
If I cannot speak with Mairin my life will not last a day;
With "Good morrow" she drank my health and gave me a stool,
perchance,
Not in the corner, and so I talk when I should away.
[V. M. W., Aughterhouse.]

Beside thee, Deirdre, sings meanly, my flow'et, my traveller's-joy,
To me thou art Helen the queenly, for whom the lads fought
around Troy:
The throat of the cuckoo outwelling thro' woodlands, is thine in
its glee:
None like thee, since she the excelling lost jewel of old Ballylee!
O that bosom its ivory brightness wakes sight in a man without
eyes:
Talk of Venus! thy gleaming star-whiteness would win the gold
apple for prize.
Those tresses, their glorious expansion, the sweep of their
manifold growth!
Were I lord of Earl Lucan's proud mansion, 'tis I that would
plight her my troth.

Thy looks and thy locks are far brighter than amber, or dewfall
divine:
Sure never was classical writer that ever praised beauty like
thine!
My bloom of the bough, hear my chant on thy charms as they
dance into view;
Speak threescore sweet words, Mairin Stanton, or my years upon
earth will be few!

How blithe her "Good-morrow": bestowing the pick of her
chairs on poor me!
Faith, it is time it is time I was going: but it's talking with
Mairin I'd be!

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

Was thy voice, Deirdre, sweetest, thy face, Helen, fairest
Of all voices we hear, of all faces we see?
Nay, my Mairin is fairest, my Mairin is rarest,
Since the pearl of the world forsook Ballylee.

Her lightness, her brightness, her sweetness, her fleetness,
Can you catch them, or match them? my fairy's a bird,
Her walk and her talk are perfection's completeness,
Did she speak? 'twas the voice of all angels I heard.

Full blossomed the road-side that felt but the tread of her,
One flash from her eye gave the blind man his sight;
Could Paris but gaze from the foot to the head of her
The apple were hers by divinest of right.

Waves and winds to her shoes the bright cloud of the hair
of her,

'Tis of silk, no, of amber, nay, glorified dew,
'Tis a lamp to the hundreds that love her; the care of her,
Were I but a lord, were the dearest I knew.

I've no time, I am busy, but Mairin is kind to me,
My time's in thy hand, love, I'll creep to thy side;
Every poet would swear 'tis my duty to bind to me
The flower of the world, aye with her to abide.

[T. C., Buxted.]

Competition No. 187 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best letter
describing an incident which occurred during the Easter Holidays.
Not to exceed 250 words.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY,
43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first
post of Wednesday, 22 April, 1903. Each answer must be
accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of
Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending
more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt
with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.
Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Thomas (James), *The First Christian Generation*.....(Sonnenschein) 6/0

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Kilton (F. G.), collected and edited by, *The Poems and Verses of Charles
Dickens*.....(Chapman and Hall) net 3/6
Wallis (Arthur F.), *Stars of the Morning: A Play*.....(Matthews) net 3/6
De Quincey (F. H.), *Song-Tide Murmurs*.....") net 2/6
Lewis (Arthur), *Ginevra: A Drama in Three Acts*.....") net 1/0
Watson (E. H. Lacon), *Verses Occasionally Humorous*.....") net 1/0
Rogers (John), *With Elia and His Friends in Books and Dreams*.....(Matthews) net 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Morris (William O'Connor), *Memoirs of Gerald O'Connor*....(Digby, Long) net 7/6
Cowper (Dean), *Autobiography and Reminiscences*....(Angus and Robertson)
Moeller (Lieut. B.), *Two Years at the Front with the Mounted Infantry*
(Richards) 6/0
Welch (Charles), *History of the Worshipful Company of Pewterers of the City
of London, 2 vols*.....(Blades)
Mew (James), *Traditional Aspects of Hell*.....(Sonnenschein) 6/0
Kirkup (Thomas), *South Africa: Old and New*.....(Macdonald) 3/6
Neatby (W. Blair), *The Programme of the Jesuits*....(Hodder and Stoughton) 3/6
Cassidy (Captain Gordon), *The Land of the Boxers, or China under the Allies*
(Longmans) net 10/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Weed (Clarence Moore) and Crossman (Ralph Wallace), *A Laboratory Guide
for Beginners in Zoology*.....(Heath) 2/6
Fenriside (C. S.), *The Tutorial History of England*
(University Tutorial Press) 4/6
Wyatt (A. J.), edited by, *Chaucer: Canterbury Tales. The Prologue and Nun's
Priest's Tale*.....(University Tutorial Press) 2/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Newnham-Davis (Lt.-Col.), and Bastard (Algernon), *The Gourmet's Guide to
Europe*.....(Richards) 3/6
Wade (Claude F.), *Exmoor Streams. Angling Notes*....(Chatto and Windus)
Whittaker (Joseph), *Tales of Tumble Fold*.....(Henderson) net 3/6
Reade (A. Arthur), *The Story of Life Assurance*.....(The Author) 5/0
The Union-Castle Atlas of South Africa.....(Donald Currie) 3/6
Twining (Louisa), *Thoughts on Some Social Questions*.....(Stock) 1/6
Gilbertson (Lawrence), *The Pocket Guide to the Education Act*....(Osborn) net 1/0
Lane (C. H.), *Rabbits, Cats, and Chivies*.....(Dent) net 10/6
Mallik (M. C.), *The South African Problem*.....(King) 0/6
Weir (Harrison), *Our Poultry. Part 12*.....(Hutchinson) net 0/7

NEW EDITIONS.

Pattee (Fred Lewis), *The Poems of Philip Freneau. Vol. I.*
(Princeton Historical Association)
Hume (David), *Essays: Moral, Political, and Literary*.....(Richards) net 1/0
The Windsor Shakespeare: *Comedy of Errors*.....(Jack) net 2/0
The Temple Bible: *Maccabees I. and II.*.....(Dent) net 1/0
Fitzgerald (Edward), *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*.....(Grant) net 1/0
Rossetti (Dante Gabriel), *The Blessed Damozel*.....") net 0/6
The Intelligent Officer, *On the Heels of De Wet*.....(Blackwood) 0/6
Crier (Sydney C.), *His Excellency's English Governors*.....") 0/6
Thackeray (W. M.), *The Book of Snobs*.....(Dent) net 3/0
Cundall (J. W.), edited by, *America Abroad*.....(Greening) 0/6
Owen (J. L.), *Seven Nights with Satan*.....") 0/6
De Brémont (Comtesse), *Daughters of Pleasure*.....") 0/6
Read (Charles A.), *The Cabinet of Irish Literature. Vol. IV.*
(Gresham Publishing Company) 8/6
Sheridan (Richard Brinsley), *Plays*.....(Unit Library) net 1/3
Kebble (John), *The Christian Year*.....") net 1/0
Laing (Samuel) *Human Origins*.....(Watts) 0/6

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

Mr. Bodley, after eight months of hard work, has sent
to the printers his book on the Coronation written by
His Majesty's command. It will be published by Messrs.
Methuen in May. The Coronation of King Edward
is dealt with not as an isolated incident, but as the
consolidation of the British Empire, developed and
consolidated in the previous reign.

The illustrated "History of English Literature," by
Mr. Edmund Gosse and Dr. Garnett, is nearly complete.
The first and third volumes are ready, but Mr. Heinemann
proposes to issue the whole four volumes together in the
autumn.

The publication of Mark Twain's new book, "Christian
Science," has been postponed for the present.

Mr. Edward Clodd has thoroughly revised, and in part
rewritten, Mr. Samuel Laing's "Human Origins," a
sixpenny edition of which is being issued this week for
the Rationalist Press Association by Messrs. Watts and
Co. The next reprint in this cheap series (of which
250,000 have already been sold) will be Mr. Cotter
Morison's "Service of Man," to which Mr. Frederic
Harrison will contribute an introductory "In Memoriam"
sketch of the author.

MESSRS. G. P. Putnam's Sons are about to issue "The
Law of Mental Medicine," by Dr. T. Jay Hudson. The
author's aim is not to inculcate new doctrines or to
"explode" the fallacy of the medical profession. He
gathers a vast number of beliefs and quasi-medical
practices from all times and all ages. By a correlation of
these with existing medical theories, whether of causation
or cure, he shows that there is a real repetition—"a law"
—of the same ideas in various forms.

Miss Fanny Byss has in the press a work entitled
"Milton on the Continent," which will be published very
shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock. The authoress maintains
that she has discovered the key to the question which has
exercised the minds of many students—when and where
the twin poems "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" were
written. The work will be illustrated by views, an
historical chart of Milton's time, and a copy of an original
portrait of Galileo.

"The Conflict," by Miss Braddon, which Messrs.
Simpkin announce for publication next week, is a story of
the present day.

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NEW BOOK ON VERSE STRUCTURE.

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